JAN. 11,
1936

# Liberty

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## Calendar • 1936

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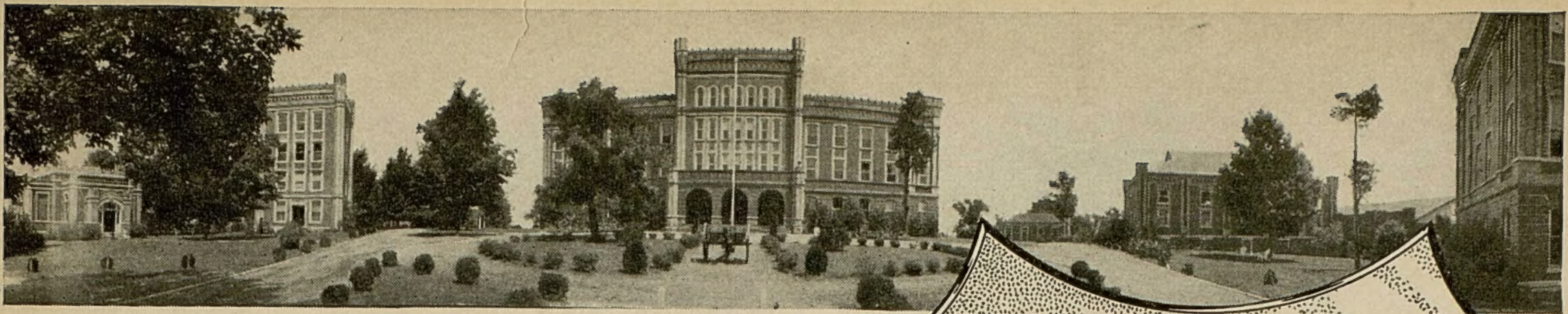
† LEGALIZED IN THIRTY-FOUR STATES AND PUERTO RICO

* LEGALIZED IN THIRTY STATES AND HAWAII



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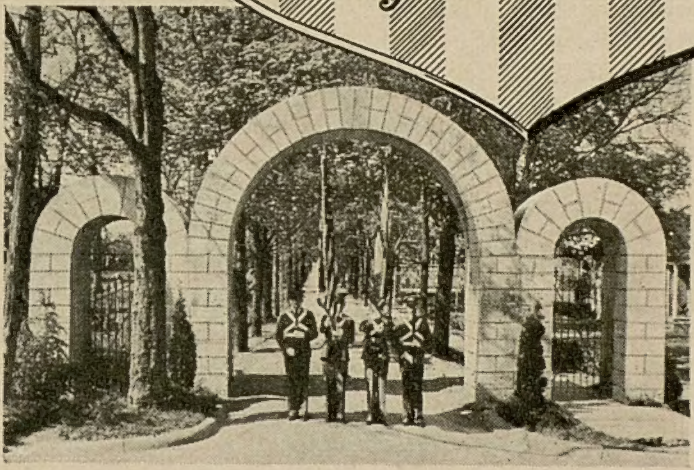

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JANUARY 11, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 2

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WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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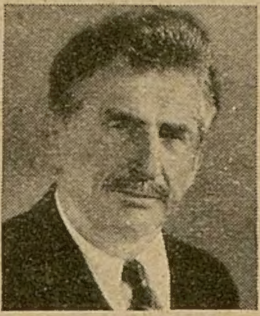
# Calamitous Neglect of Our Youthful Citizens



BERNARR MACFADDEN

E preservation of national strength pends upon the taking of steps to sure the future development of our ful citizens.

ents are expected to give proper tention to their progeny until they reach aturity. But when these arrive at an age at which they can assume personal responsibility, it is, in my opinion, the duty of the government to provide opportunities essential to their growth as dependable citizens.

In the past there has been no recognition by our governmental officials of such responsibilities. Mature citizens were supposed to look out for themselves, and in the years gone by there were innumerable opportunities. Almost any one willing to work could find something to do. Young men, potential home-makers, could usually find jobs, and if they were energetic and ambitious they would automatically advance to responsible positions. They could then look forward to marriage, home, and children with enthusiasm and confidence. There was no doubt in their minds as to their future welfare.

Every normal man and woman automatically craves the companionship, the affection, and the contentment that come with a happy home life. But in the last five or six years literally millions of young men and women have found themselves facing an outlook dark and foreboding. It is not unreasonable for them to ask themselves: "What's the use of my years of training if in the end there can be no profitable use for whatever skill I may have acquired?"

And here is where the revolutionary theories of Communism have gained ground. Our governmental system has failed—so these young people often conclude. Therefore something else should be tried. And the principles of Communism find fertile soil in their minds.

The years of withering depression have dried up the source of nearly all worth-while opportunities and our youthful citizens everywhere cry out for the inalienable privilege of living normal lives. Whatever the government may try to do to remedy the present deplorable situation, there is no duty more important than that of providing our young people the opportunities to carry out the instinctive their natures.

spent in schools represent the preparation for life. Then inevitably there comes the demand for mating. Next to the desire for food, the mating instinct is the strongest of all human needs; and home building is essential to the preservation of our nation.

The efforts of many people to care for the aged and the infirm is commendable, but our national life must be perpetuated. And to accomplish this object the encouragement of home building is imperative.

The CCC camps are undoubtedly building our boys into healthy specimens of humanity. They are to be commended. But a very large percentage of these young men have sweethearts at home. They want to get married and settle down and begin to enjoy the fruits of a normal home life.

The government cannot compel industry to take on more employees. To add this extra expense to the average business would mean ruin and bankruptcy.

But there is one thing the government can and should do. There are millions upon millions of acres of fertile land in this country. From two to ten acres of land would supply a man with vegetable products essential to feed a family through the winter. It would not bring riches, but such a life would be an immeasurable improvement over a crowded city flat or the log huts in which our pioneer forefathers lived. And literally millions of young men would accept such accommodations until something better could be offered them. Moderate financial assistance might be required for the first year or two, with the understanding, of course, that it would be temporary; for we are hopeful of getting out of this financial quagmire within a few years.

But home builders should not be compelled to wait. Furthermore, life in the country where there is fresh air and food direct from the land will greatly assist in building the vitality of the nation—which, after all, is of transcendental importance.

It is an imperative governmental duty to give these young men and young women an opportunity to build the homes that are necessary to preserve and perpetuate this nation.

Bernarr Macfadd

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# HELL, YES!

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THROUGH the open window a south wind blew the melody of the Metropolitan chimes sounding a full hour. The last note faded and the clock struck seven times.

Rhoda sighed again, and pushed back her chair, put on her hat and coat. She was certainly in a sad state. She didn't want to stay here, and she didn't want to go home to her apartment. She had broken a dinner engagement with Red Webster on the plea of work, and had been sitting here at her desk making inane pencil marks on good white paper ever since. Probably she should have gone with Red, except that his one solution to any problem was that she marry him, and she couldn't face that again tonight.

Rhoda knew that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Here she was, at twenty-five, head of the decorating department at Blake and Weatherbie's, a living picture of a successful young business woman, and the achievement was ashes in her mouth. And she couldn't dismiss her mood as spring fever, because it was a perfect September evening.

She crossed the echoing stillness of the main floor of the big department store, morguelike and depressing with its sheeted counters and empty aisles. Thus my soul, thought Rhoda to herself, half ironically, half seriously. She felt empty and rather forlorn as she walked down Fifth Avenue.

At Eleventh Street the somehow furtive figure of a man sidled up to her and began speaking rapidly in a low whine.

"D'you want to buy some perfume, miss? Let you have a forty-dollar bottle for five dollars."

"No, thanks," said Rhoda, walking briskly.

He kept pace with her, his shoulder brushing her arm. "It's the genuine article, miss. I got a cousin who—"

"Is steward on the Normandie. I know that racket—and I don't want any," said Rhoda, climbing the steps of her house.

"Honest to God, miss, what's the use of spiting yourself? This cousin of mine—"

A voice so soft, so surprisingly melodious that Rhoda looked up in astonishment, was addressing her: "Is this man annoyin' you, ma'am?" Gentle brown eyes met hers inquiringly, and two huge hands moved outward and gripped the shoulders of the retreating vendor of perfume, holding him motionless.

His chin must be at least six feet above his toes, thought Rhoda, almost losing her balance as she looked up into his brown face.

"What would you do if I said he was?" she asked, smiling.

"I'd make him sure regret the day he was born!" the giant answered soberly.

Rhoda laughed. "I bet you could, too!" she said. Let him go, though—if he isn't too frightened to move." er gray eyes danced as the big hands regretfully loosed their grip and the released man scuttled down the ps and hurried up the street. "Who are you?" she asked, quite as though young women asked such questions of utter strangers in Manhattan.

"Name of Pennington, ma'am—Joe Pennington. I've just moved into the studio on the top floor."

You couldn't let a specimen like this walk out of your life! "Are you a painter?" she asked incredulously, and when he nodded she laughed again.

"Is that so humorous, ma'am?" he was inquiring in his grave soft voice.

Rhoda caught herself. "Please forgive me," she said. "I'm very rude. It's just—" T surprise, she blushed. You c say to a complete stranger was just that he was so b strong and masculine, so re ing and—yes, exciting—in parison to the men she knew put her key in the door and start up the stairs, vividly aware of t man behind her. At her own do she turned impulsively. "Well—good luck to you in your new studio, Mr. Pennington," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered, and continued up the stairs, surprisingly light-footed for such a giant.

In the next days Rhoda found herself speculating about him with surprising frequency. Of course she did not give a party solely to provide an excuse for inviting him, yet she had thought of Mr. Joe Pennington before she telephoned her first invitation.

She was aware that her heart was pounding as she waited before his door. He opened it, and stood towering in the doorway.

"Why, ma'am, thank you; I'd like to come," he answered soberly. "I've been real lonely in this place."

She was burning with curiosity to slip past him, to examine his canvases and possessions.

"Don't dress," she said. "People will wear any old thing. We'll have something to eat about eight o'clock."

She had expected that her women guests would be at the least intrigued by his size and gentleness, but she had not expected him to be such an overpowering success with every one.

He came from Oklahoma, but he admitted that he had traveled some. He had chaperoned cattle to Chicago; ridden in a Wild West show; he had worked three months in a gambling house in Nevada. He and his brother had bicycled over most of Europe; one time—

"Don't tell me that you have a brother!" Polly Winter interrupted him. "I can't bear it! Is he as big as you are?"

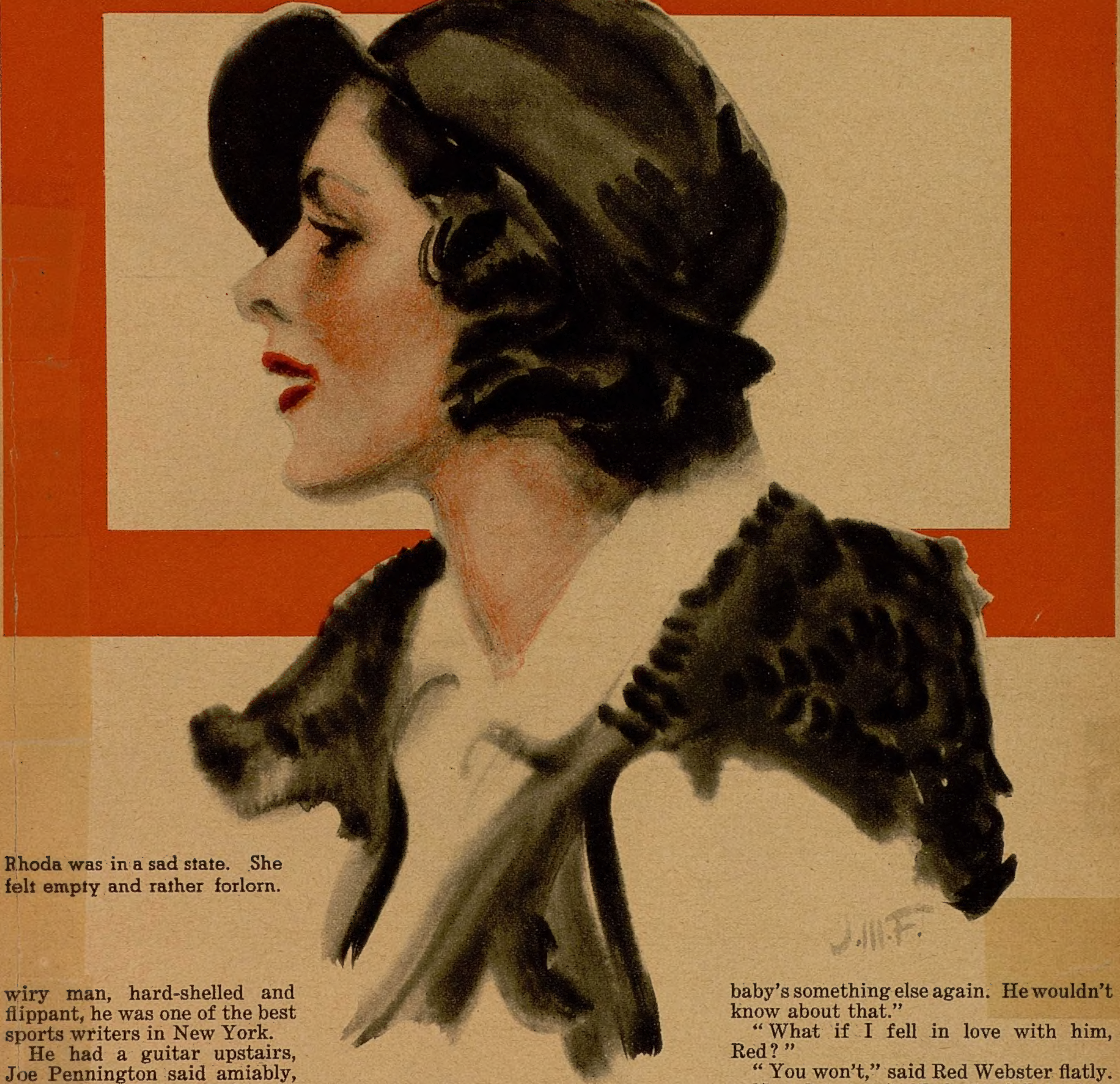
"Why, no, ma'am," he admitted rather reluctantly. "But Dan's smart. He's a couple of years younger'n me. He stayed in college an' got graduated an' s'phisticated an' all like that."

"I'm sure you're much nicer," declared Polly.

Joe Pennington shook his head. "No'm—people always like Dan best," he corrected her gently. "You ain't met Dan, that's all."

Red Webster grinned at Rhoda. "First entry, darling," he murmured. "Does h himself, rather surprisingly, sang like a

HEN THE YOUNG MAN RECKONS HE'LL HAVE TO SHOO
SSES YOU INSTEAD, TAKE WARNING FROM THIS SPRI
OF A GIRL WHO LOST CONTROL OVER LOVE



Rhoda was in a sad state. She felt empty and rather forlorn.

wiry man, hard-shelled and flippant, he was one of the best sports writers in New York.

He had a guitar upstairs, Joe Pennington said amiably, and Red went up with him to his studio to get it. Obligingly the Oklahoman sang one cowboy song after another, and Red sat down beside Rhoda.

" Your Western friend can paint, can't he? " he asked. " Says he's here studying—though God knows why."

" I haven't seen his things," Rhoda answered dreamily. " Isn't he amazing, Red? I'd forgotten there were men like that! "

Red Webster looked at her sharply. " He's a good egg," he agreed, and added rather harshly, " and a simple one, Rhoda. Don't ride him too hard."

She looked at him swiftly. " What do you mean? "

" Don't make him fall in love with you," said Red patiently. " You don't know anything about lads like that, and I'm telling you. The bigger they are, the harder they fall." He snorted. " Takes a little fellow like me to keep bouncing back for more punishment. Ever going to marry me, Rhoda? "

Her face softened. " Red, you know—you can't say—"

" I don't say it," he interrupted, putting his hand over hers. " You're a good egg yourself, Rhoda, and you play fair according to all the local rulings. But this baby's something else again. He wouldn't know about that."

" What if I fell in love with him, Red? "

" You won't," said Red Webster flatly.

No, she wasn't likely to fall in love with him—but he was grand, all the same. And he *was* nice to have around, and continued to be so. They went places together, and always Rhoda was deliciously aware of his presence. People looked at Joe Pennington—at theaters and night clubs, with Joe astounding in his new evening clothes, at art galleries and tea parties, on buses and in subways.

It never seemed to occur to Joe that he was a success socially. " You wait till Dan comes," he would tell her—or any one else who would listen to him. Dan could play rings around him on any musical instrument. Dan could ride and fight and play polo. He had won a Phi Beta Kappa key he'd given to a girl in a dance hall in Carson City. And in his own job, which was construction engineering, he had no rival.

" I suppose he paints better than you," Rhoda said sarcastically.

Joe grinned. " Dan never tried paintin'," he murmured.

" Oh—Joe! " she said disgustedly. " You know, I don't believe I'm going to *like* Dan! "

Joe's grin broadened. " You wait! "

When she entered November afternoon, latchkey in hand, and almost bumped into the man ringing Joe's bell, she knew him at once; and if her entire spirit had quickened with interest and admiration at her first sight of Joe Pennington, all her being slowed until her heart almost stopped at this first sight of Dan.

"Do you know if Mr. Pennington is here?"

She shook her head, looking at bright blue eyes that seemed to pierce through her.

"I can't tell if his bell rings or not. Will you let me in?"

She nodded. She could not have spoken to him.

"He's probably out with this female he's got mixed up with," said Dan Pennington. "Good grief, why can't women let a workingman alone?"

Rhoda swallowed. "It's the top floor—rear studio," she said faintly.

"You know him?"

"Yes," she replied. "We—people in this part of town, I mean—"

"Just a little village," said Dan Pennington as she hesitated. "Everybody minding everybody else's business, just like home, eh?" He laughed, and his laughter was like Joe's, only more so. Rhoda shivered as she jabbed her key viciously into her own lock. "Listen," said Dan. "This being the heart of Bohemia and what not, d'you mind if I come down and talk with you if he isn't there?"

Her lips said, "No, I don't mind," and she left her door open and stood waiting in the middle of her living room.

He was back in an instant, and she offered him a chair, a cigarette.

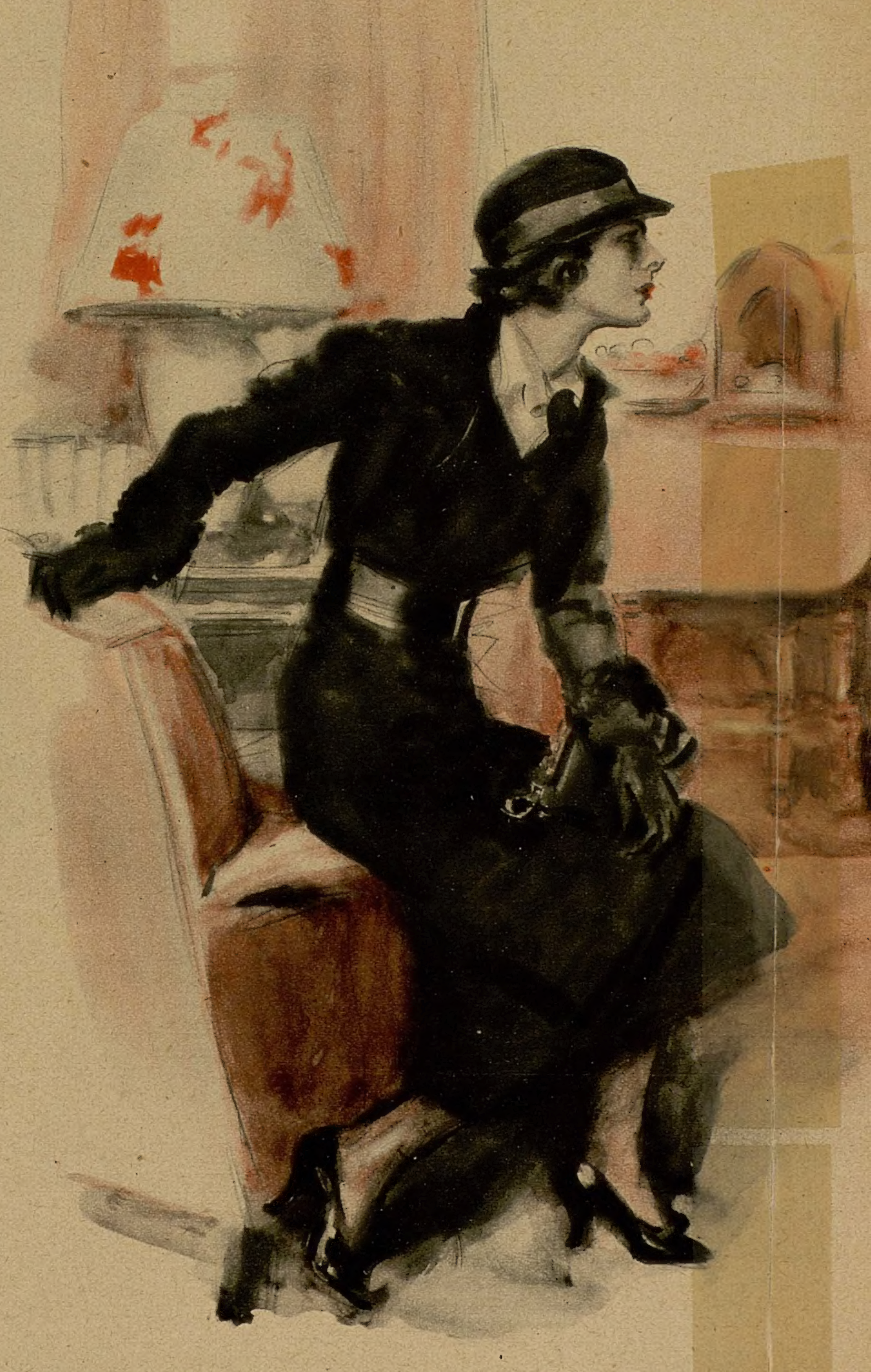
"This brother of mine is probably the most innocent hombre that ever came to the big city," he told her, sitting down. "He's also a damn good painter. So what happens?" He blew six beautiful smoke rings before he answered his own question. "He gets all stirred up by some worthless woman who drags him about, makes him buy party clothes an' sit up pretty and learn to use his knife an' fork right and generally waste his time and talent!"

Rhoda said nothing.

"A painter ought to paint," stated Dan. He smiled charmingly. "I reckon if this female aims to marry him an' set him makin' money, I'll have to shoot her."

"Why don't you wait until you've met her before you're so sure?" Rhoda asked, her voice dry.

His laughter was gayer than Joe's; it had the same depth and softness, but it tingled with more life, more vibrancy.



then turned.
ing to get out
I slap you! You leave
Joe alone from now on."

"Joe's worth a couple of dozen of me, but he's not so quick—Rhoda," said Dan Pennington.

She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with anger. "Oh—how do you dare—what do you mean—how—"

He kept his seat, leaning back, laughing at her.

"You didn't think I was talkin' to you just for the pleasure of lookin' at your pretty eyes, did you, Rhoda?" he asked. "Joe described you right well; took his entire vocabulary—all seventy-five words of it."

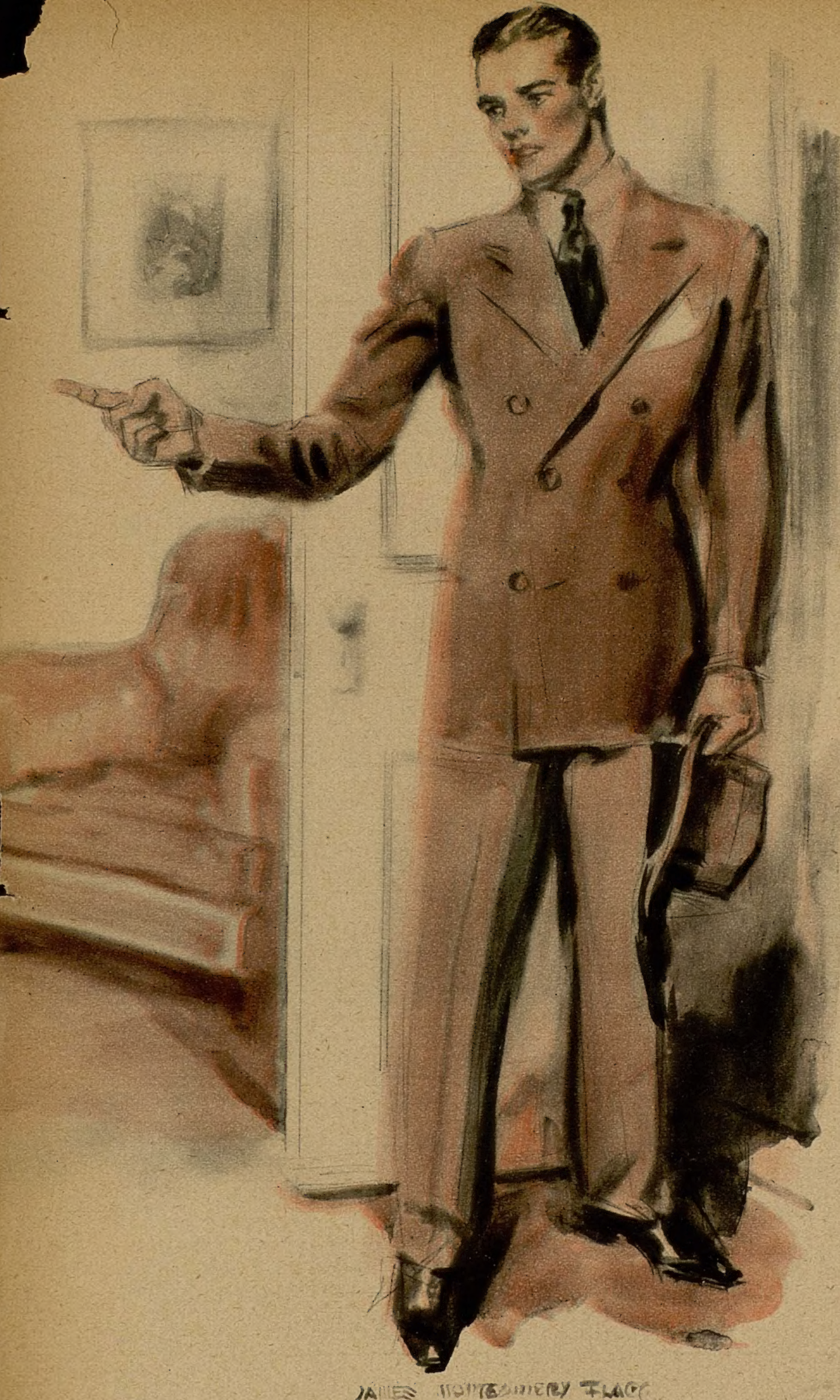
She sat down abruptly. "Suppose you're mistaken about me? Or doesn't that ever happen to you—Dan?"

"I'm willin' to talk," he said unperturbed, "but I know Joe. He didn't ever make the first advances—he's too shy. You saw him, an' you thought to yourself, 'This is somethin' amusin'. I must cultivate this!' So you chased after him an' invited him places, an' showed him off to your friends—an' in a friendly comradely way told him the name of a good tailor an' about how ladies go through doors first—" He grinned at her expression. "Joe didn't write me any of that, of course. I'm just re-creatin' the crime. Stop me any time I'm wrong."

"Well, is there any reason why a painter should wear overalls and eat with his knife?"

"Aren't you exaggeratin' a little?" Dan inquired softly. "There's certainly no reason I can see why a woman should try to make a man be something he doesn't want to be—especially when she isn't goin' to like him after he becomes it. You tame a wild animal an' you spoil him for the woods."

"Who's exaggerating now?" asked Rhoda scornfully. "Besides, I've helped Joe, so far as his work goes. I've introduced him to people who—"



"You've helped Joe!" Joe's brother's voice was so soft that it was an instant before Rhoda realized that he was angry, savagely angry. "You've helped him! *You!*" He stood up. "Do you think Joe needs your little two-for-a-nickel introductions? Or your lessons in etiquette? Or your cheap sophisticated New York patter? Or anything you've got?" In his scorn he forgot to drop his *g*. He strode to the door, then turned. "I'm going to get out now, before I slap you! But you leave Joe alone from now on, d'you hear? Go peddle your own apples!"

"You just wait a minute, Mr. Dan Pennington!" Rhoda told him furiously. "You have no right—" She paused, and they both started, listening, as the street door opened and footsteps sounded on the stairs. Rhoda looked at Dan and laughed in his face. "We'll just see about that!" she said defiantly. She brushed past him and leaned over the railing. "Joe! Joe darling!" Her voice was gay. "Surprise for you! Who would you like most in the world to see?"

The footsteps quickened. "Dan, you old coyote! *Dan!*"

Rhoda watched as the brothers embraced—if one could so describe a series of punches and whacks and broken phrases which in another tone would have been fighting words.

"You didn't know he was coming, did you, Joe?" Her face was glowing with apparent pleasure and excitement, and Dan looked at her savagely. "We've got to celebrate—unless Dan's too tired after his long trip."

Joe laughed. "Dan's never tired—are you, you cross-eyed mountain lion?" His arm about his brother's shoulder, he swept him back into Rhoda's apartment.

"I'll make us a cocktail," she said gaily. "Let's take Dan to Eduardo's for dinner, shall we?" Her eyes met Dan's and flickered defiantly.

Dan looked back at her with cold murder in his eyes, and turned to Joe. "Doing any work, you? I want to see everything."

Rhoda retreated, humming, to her kitchenette. So little brother Dan wasn't going to let Joe play with her any more!

"It's so swell having you here, Dan," she murmured sweetly as she gave him his glass.

"Just a dream come true," he murmured back.

Joe beamed down upon them innocently. "I knew you two were goin' to like each other," he said.

RED WEBSTER came into Eduardo's while they were still eating dinner, and sat down with them. His amused eyes kept flickering across Rhoda's face.

"Private joke, Red?" she asked him, finally.

Dan's head was bent close to Joe's as they talked; Red regarded the brothers quizzically for an instant, and then looked back at Rhoda.

He picked up her hand and peered intently at the lines on her smooth palm. "I see trouble, lady."

Joe drawled, "Hey, stop holdin' hands on the table—ain't either of you got any shame?"

"I've got a couple of tickets for the Harvard-Yale game," Red announced. "Why don't we get a couple more and all go up to Boston together?"

"I think that's a swell idea," said Joe. "How 'bout you, Dan? Rhoda?"

Rhoda lifted her dark lashes and looked at Dan.

"O. K. by me," he agreed. "I've never seen a Harvard-Yale game." . . .

It was snowing when the four of them arrived at Grand Central Station. Flakes clung to Rhoda's flippant black hat and powdered the sealskin collar of her leopard coat.

Dan took Joe's arm as they started down the long platform, and Red fell into step beside Rhoda.

"Having a good time, aren't you, young woman?" he asked her. "Wait till Dan comes! Well, you did, didn't you?"

She was furious with herself for blushing. "What do you think you're talking about?" she inquired.

He grinned at her mockingly. "Got a new hat, haven't you? Quite snappy."

Their seats on the train were separated, two at either end of the car, and Red took Joe's arm. "Shall we leave the young people together?" he suggested.

Rhoda glared at Red, and then at Dan as he politely—very politely—helped her out of her coat. Her hat, as Red had observed, was new, and so was the flaring black velvet skirt and the soft black suède jacket—new and intensely becoming to her.

"You can pretend that you don't know me," she told Dan. "I've got a good book."

He didn't even bother to answer, but he left his chair facing hers when he sat down.

"Still think I'm a menace?" she asked.

Dan looked at her coolly, unfolding his newspaper. "Menace is rather strong," he retorted. "Let's say nuisance."

She smiled. "This is going to be a lovely trip!"

She opened her book and settled herself comfortably and began to read. Dan's paper crackled.

"Do you have much weather like this in these parts?" he inquired abruptly.

She looked up, and out the window at the swirling snowflakes. "I don't believe it will last—it's too early for snow." She met his eyes. "And the weather where you come from? What is *it* like?" she murmured with burlesque politeness.

"Gr-r-r," said Dan.

Rhoda's eyes were dancing. He picked up a magazine disgustedly and opened it, became immersed in its contents, and Rhoda returned to her book.

As she had prophesied, the snow did not last; but when they emerged from the even warmth of the train to the cold stone platform of Back Bay Station the air was damp and chilling.

"God bless you!" said Rhoda as Joe sneezed.

The Charles River looked cold and suicidal beneath the gray sky as they crossed Harvard Bridge, and Joe sneezed a couple of more times before they reached the Stadium. By the end of the first quarter there was not the slightest doubt that Joe was catching cold. They had some whisky and they made him drink most of it. Red had a muffler, which he took off and wound about Joe's neck. "Shut up, you big stiff!" he told him as Joe protested.

"I feel like an ape," Joe declared. "Here I sit sneezin' my fool head off like I was some delicate flower, and Rhoda there looks as warm as a kitten."

AFTER the game they taxied back to Boston, and during dinner at the hotel Joe was unusually silent, and several times Rhoda intercepted Dan's gaze turning anxiously upon his brother. Joe's face was flushed, which might well have been from the whisky they had poured into him, and his eyes were unusually bright. Rhoda reached out a cool hand and touched his forehead, and then cried out in dismay:

"Joe, you're running a temperature! How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," said Joe—and proved himself a liar not half an hour later by fainting as they moved out of the dining room.

Getting him to bed was no child's task. Rhoda called a doctor, and then sat with Red, while Dan paced up and down the room, and the great bulk that was Joe groaned and gasped and tossed deliriously. It was pneumonia, and it was as severe as it had been rapid. The doctor did not even consult them before he summoned an ambulance.

"I'll stay here with Dan," Rhoda told Red. "I don't have to be back, and I don't think he ought to be here alone."

Red reluctantly caught the midnight, and Rhoda sat for most of the night in the hospital corridor, while Dan paced up and down.

"Why don't you go to bed?" he threw at her occasionally as he passed, and she did not bother to answer him.

She stayed for a week. She stayed through the first anguished days when Joe fought for his breath and his life in an oxygen tent; and sometimes, when Dan stopped his pacing and sat down beside her, his head dropped almost instantly to her shoulder and he fell asleep like a child.

She made Dan eat, and it was harder than being nurse to the most difficult of children. Twice she got him into a moving-picture theater when Joe was sleeping; she was with him constantly, encouraging, cajoling, soothing.

When they were finally told that he was out of danger, Dan gathered Rhoda into his arms and kissed her, and they clung to each other, and Rhoda murmured, "Darling—oh, my dear—oh, Dan!" Then Dan started, and pushed her away from him roughly.

"You don't have to stay any longer now," he said curtly.

At the complete unexpectedness of his hostility tears welled into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Rhoda, forgive me." He caught her hands in his, his face tortured. "I don't know what I'm saying or doing. I've been nearly insane. It seemed—oh, well, you know." He released her quietly. "You've been wonderful!" he told her. "Without you— I was a dreadful ass, Rhoda. I'll never be able to apologize enough."

She smiled mistily. "Idiot! I don't want any apologies." All that she wanted was for him to look at her again as he had, to hold her again close in his arms and kiss her.

"I NEVER thought," Dan said slowly, "that I'd ever meet a girl I really thought was good enough for Joe. But I have, Rhoda."

She stood perfectly still, staring at him incredulously.

"But, Dan, I'm not—"

A nurse appeared at the end of the corridor, and Dan turned away abruptly and hurried up to her.

"You can see Joe for just a minute, Rhoda," he said, his eyes on the curve of her cheek, her chin, her throat—anywhere but on her eyes.

Rhoda went into Joe's room.

"Born to be hung, I reckon," he murmured in a weak voice, his smile wobbly.

She leaned over and kissed his forehead. "Dear Joe!" Her voice faltered and she could feel tears too close behind her eyes.

She was crying openly when she left the room. Dan was nowhere about. One of the nurses came up to her.

"Mr. Pennington said to tell you he was going out and get drunk," she said. "Men!" she added with tender contempt. She patted Rhoda's shoulder. "What you need is some sleep. There's nothing more to worry about. Your man is all right." She steadied Rhoda's swaying form. The corridor seemed suddenly to be whirling in circles. "Are you going to faint?"

Rhoda bit her lip and shook her head. "I'm all right. It's just—reaction."

She returned to the hotel and packed her things, caught the next train to New York. . . .

Christmas buying was already well under way when she returned to the store; and the rush was a welcome relief. Red Webster was away, and Rhoda was glad.

A thousand times she tried to remember how Dan had looked, really looked, when he took her into his arms. She had been so sure, for a minute, that it meant that he loved her as she loved him—and then, an instant later, he was saying "you and Joe."

A thousand times she tried to find the reason for his going off without a word. Because he hadn't meant that kiss the way she had wanted him to mean it? Or because he had meant it? Did he think that she was in love with Joe? And was Joe—could Joe be—in love with her? She remembered Red's warning: *Don't make him fall in love with you.* Mostly she did not believe that Joe was in love with her; yet that might be because she did not want to believe it. Red was in love with her, and she had never wanted that.

Dan wrote her occasionally, laconic post cards about Joe's progress. She kept them like a girl with her first love letter, reading and rereading them as though she hoped to find something she had not hitherto seen. Then a telegram:

HOME TOMORROW PREPARE THE FATTED CALF JOE AND DAN

They celebrated together, just the three of them. "Wish Red was here," Joe kept saying—and Rhoda spent the most miserable evening of her life, laughing and being gay, and wondering—

"I've either got to get myself a girl or another job," Dan announced a few evenings later. "I feel like a fifth wheel around here." He looked not at Rhoda but at Joe. "I went to see the Wheeler outfit yesterday, fella. They may be sending me down to Chile soon."

Rhoda didn't look at Dan; she couldn't.

They had been back in New York less than a week when Dan signed up. He'd be sailing in five days.

They were in Rhoda's apartment when he told them, having the before-dinner cocktail which had become a ritual. All the life that Rhoda had had before she met Dan Pennington had dropped away. There was her job—and then home. And home meant Joe and Dan. Her hand shook as she poured out the cocktails—shook so that she spilled some as she gave Dan his glass.

He looked at her, and then he looked at Joe, oddly. "I'm no John Alden," he said, "but I'd feel a lot happier about sailing if I was drinking this to you two."

No John Alden! Rhoda wondered if he realized the implication of what he had said. *Why don't you speak for yourself, Dan?* He was still looking at Joe, and the stark affection in his face struck Rhoda like a blow. If Joe wanted to marry her—if Dan wanted her to marry Joe—what else could she do?

SHE turned and smiled at Joe Pennington, and all the love that she felt for Dan was shining in her eyes. "What do you say, Rhoda?" Joe's brown eyes held hers. "I'm not much of a hand for talk."

Rhoda could not speak. She held out her hand to Joe, and with an odd grave formality he lifted it to his lips.

Dan's hand, holding his glass high, was steady. "To the two people I love most in the world," he said, and drank.

"I reckon we can all three drink that an' mean it," said Joe, and added wistfully, "Gosh, I wish Red was here!"

Rhoda felt cold and frightened.

Dan wanted them to be married before he sailed—"Then I'll know you're both in good hands," he explained.

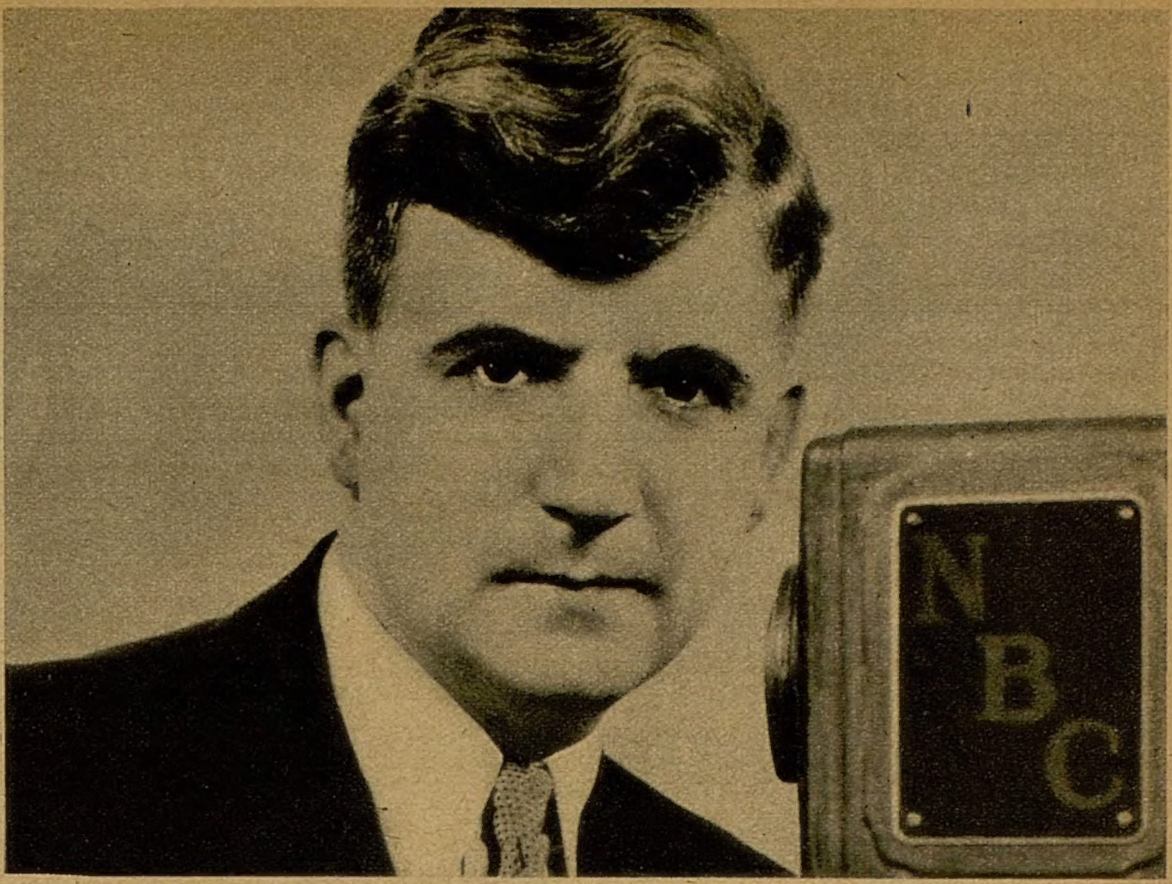
He was very busy these last days, and Rhoda and Joe were often alone together. Being engaged to Joe, having him in love with her, had taken away all the old pleasure of their companionship. She felt restrained and false. She began actually to long for the day when they would be married and Dan would take his boat. With Dan away, some of the old easy familiarity might return.

"I've got to go out this evenin'," Joe announced two nights before Dan's sailing, two nights before their wedding day.

Dan looked up quickly. "How come? Can't I do it for you?"

Joe shook his head. "Got to see a man about a horse." He smiled reassuringly at Rhoda.

After Joe had gone, Dan moved



I've had a fortune spent on my face

*by* John B. Kennedy, *Editor—Radio Commentator*

MY FACE isn't my fortune — that's certain — but there's a factory in Boston where they've *spent* a fortune on my face and *yours*. I flew over to Boston for this story—visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

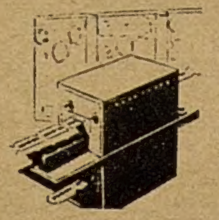
Yes, Gillette has spent millions in developing equipment to produce and test the Gillette Blade. I watched every step in its manufacture—saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar Gillette package. I was tremendously impressed. My conception of razor blade manufacture was completely changed.

Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. It was clean—without odor. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces, the like of which you've never seen—harden Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box—a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel—exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette Blade.

Through magnetic control—this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would fill a library.

And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirring cycles of abrasive wheels and leather — they come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel, and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass—I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette Blade has *the* shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.



*In view of these facts—impartially recorded by a trained observer—how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette Blades and insist on getting them.*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

restlessly about the room. "Want to go to a movie?"

"No, I don't want to go to a movie," she snapped. "And I don't believe you do, either!"

Dan glared at her. "Oh, very well."

Rhoda laughed rather shrilly. "What is the matter with us? Go make us a drink, Danny—maybe we'll feel better."

"Good idea," said Dan, and went into the kitchenette.

Rhoda sat quite still. Then she wondered if there was any soda in the apartment, and started toward the kitchenette to find out, and bumped squarely into Dan as he came around the corner of the doorway.

There had been soda. A glass flew from each of Dan's hands as they collided—and then Dan's arms were around Rhoda, and he was holding her desperately and kissing her again and again, as though he could never kiss her enough.

"Oh, Danny—let me go!" He released her, and she stood leaning breathlessly against the wall. For a long time neither of them said anything. Then Rhoda said, "Get a dustpan, Dan—I'll get a mop."

Rhoda mopped, and Dan swept up the broken glass, made two fresh highballs. Back in the living room, they looked at each other.

"So now we know," said Dan.

Rhoda said, "Yes. Didn't you know before, Dan?"

He hesitated. "I suppose so." He lighted a cigarette. "Well—it's a mess, isn't it?"

She nodded soberly.

"We wouldn't be happy either way now," said Dan. "I can't take my brother's girl."

"I know," she agreed. She sipped her drink. "Ever been in Chile before, Dan?"

They were still talking about Chile when Joe returned. . . .

The alarm clock was ringing, and Rhoda turned it off sleepily, and then sat upright in bed, her gray eyes open wide. She was sleepy because the hour was eight o'clock and it must have been after four before she fell asleep. And she was sitting upright, every sense alert, because she was to marry Joe this morning.

She shook her head slowly. She couldn't do it. She couldn't go through with it! Not for Joe, not for Dan. They were coming downstairs for breakfast, and suddenly Rhoda buried her face in her pillow and giggled hysterically. It would be a dreadful way to be getting married even if she were marrying the man she loved. No family, no form.

*The bride arose at eight and cooked breakfast for the groom and best man in her apartment on West Eleventh Street.*

She picked up the telephone and called Red Webster's number. It was just possible that he would be back. After a long interval he answered crossly:

"Oh—Rhoda." He gave a sleepy laugh. "You're probably the only person in the world I wouldn't hang up on for waking me at this ungodly hour. I just got back last night."

"Can you come over to my apartment?" she asked.

"Now?" groaned Red. "You mean get out of bed and come over *now?*"

"Yes," she said. She had hoped that he would arrive before Joe and Dan descended upon her, but he didn't. Coffee was percolating in the electric pot, and the table in the living room was set for four.

"Make the toast, Dan," she ordered without looking at him. "Red's coming for breakfast."

"Red!" Joe's serious face brightened. "That's swell—I'm glad he's comin'."

Rhoda looked at Joe gently. Red would make it easier for him as well as for herself. And Dan—well, Dan was sailing for Chile.

Red Webster looked at the three curiously when he came in. "A party, eh?" He grinned. "What's up?"

Dan was very occupied with the toast, and the coffee required all of Rhoda's attention.

Joe smiled his sweet smile.

"Rhoda an' me are gettin' married this mornin'," he explained.

"Rhoda and *you!*" Red's laughter was positively raucous; it was shocking, like ribaldry at a funeral.

Rhoda felt her scalp tingle; she saw Dan's hands clench.

"You and *Rhoda?* Oh!" said Red, and collapsed on the sofa and waved his legs and arms in the air. "I can't take it before breakfast—gimme some of that coffee, quick, you poor half-wit!"

Rhoda poured him some coffee.

Neither Dan nor Joe spoke as Red gulped down half the cup.

"May I inquire how three allegedly sane individuals reached this curious decision?" he demanded, sitting up. No one answered him. "Darling," said Red to Rhoda, "I'd marry you at the drop of a hat. Dan would marry you on even less provocation. But Joe doesn't want to marry you. I thought you ought to know."

Dan took a step forward, looking incredulously at his brother.

"Joe," said Red in a preacher's voice, "do you want to marry this woman? Answer yes or no."

Joe drew a long breath. "Hell, no," he admitted.

Red whooped. "Rhoda, do you want to take this man, Joe, for your lawfully wedded husband?"

Joe was smiling at her sweetly, and suddenly Rhoda rushed over to him and hugged him. "Hell, no!" she echoed happily.

Red grinned at Dan. "I guess it's up to one of us, then. Do *you* want to marry the girl?"

Dan looked briefly at Red and then long at Rhoda. "Hell, *yes!*" he shouted, and grabbed Rhoda and Joe in one terrific embrace.

"Has anybody got a bag handy?" Red inquired plaintively. "For me to hold," he explained.

Joe's long arm reached out and dragged Red into the group.

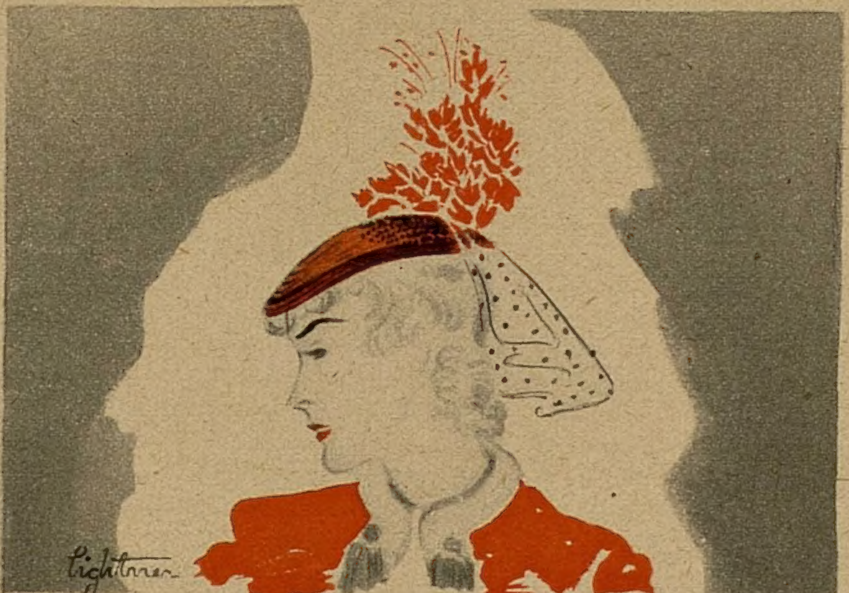
"You an' me'll get drunk," he said contentedly. "You an' me, Red. First drink right here," added Joe, and lifted his voice in song. Red's tenor joined him, and they went, arm in arm, singing, into the kitchenette, and left Dan and Rhoda together.

THE END

# FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

**Erik, the young milliner who startled Paris in November with the hind-side-before hats with veils in back for stepping out, and over the eyes for the day after, shows a January collection in green only, complemented by neutral black and white. The models are all-straw 1890 shapes, tiny or immense, but all flat and worn straight, and with high trimming almost at right angles either back or front. There are no flowers used in the trimming, but quantities of leaves and Spanish effects in fans or combs, often in lace.**

**DORAMILLER.**



# THE BONUS—OR ELSE!

"Remember the bonus army!" says General Butler (right). "All along, the White House has been the veteran's enemy!"

### by MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

U. S. M. C., RETIRED

A FIERY CHALLENGE TO THE NATION AND ITS PRESIDENT . . . "THE VETERANS HAVE LOST PATIENCE; BETTER BEWARE!"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EIGHTY American veterans of the World War died today. Eighty or more will die every day this year—a total of 29,633 in 1936. And 30,377 will die in 1937. Yes, and that many and more American veterans of the World War will die every year until and including 1945.

At that rate, if the Congress of the United States fails to override Franklin Delano Roosevelt's opposition to the bonus payment before 1945, then at least 362,000 American World War veterans now alive will not live to receive it!

Let us stop and think about that for a moment, as Congress considers again the payment now—in cash and in full—of the adjusted-compensation certificates held by the World War veterans. And as we think about it, let us look at another picture.

Armistice Day. The day set aside in honor of the World War dead. The day of solemn remembrance.

President Roosevelt, some of the senators who voted in 1935 to sustain the veto of the Patman Bonus Bill, many of the superpatriots of the American Liberty League and of the National Economy League who are persistently fighting against the bonus—time after time these men have stood, and from year to year will stand, before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, paying homage to the dead of the World War.

That is right and proper. There can be no honor too great for those who gave their lives for this nation in time of war.

But how about the living veterans of the World War?

Are they to be so soon forgotten?

Congress now can give to the veterans of America more than two billion dollars in *back pay long past due!*

For this bonus really isn't a bonus at all. It is merely back pay that our veterans want and need sorely—back pay that a Congress decreed was coming to them—that a grateful nation told Congress must be paid to them!

The adjusted-compensation certificate which each soldier holds is an acknowledgment on the part of Uncle Sam that the soldier was underpaid during the World War. It is a credit slip for back pay.

Congress finally decided some years ago that the soldier ought to get some of his back pay—that which was due him. So it passed this bill. But your Uncle Samuel said he didn't have the money just then; he would pay it in twenty years!

Those of us who know soldiers know that war, and even preparation for war, changes a man. In 1917 and 1918 the youth of America left their homes, donned uniforms, and marched off to war. They gave up their jobs. They gave up their opportunities. They won a glorious victory. Then they came home—to be cheered and hailed as heroes. But most of these returning heroes never have caught up with the years that they gave to their country.

The American people are always fair and honest, and because they realized that a soldier returned from war is not the same man who left to fight for his country, Congress finally voted the adjusted compensation.

Treasury raiders! Sellers of patriotism! Tramps! Bums! That's what the veterans are now, to those who oppose payment of the bonus—immediate payment of the adjusted-compensation certificates.

But that's a lot of hooey!

There *are* treasury raiders, to be sure, and there were treasury raiders during the war—thousands of them—

but the boys in uniform who went forth to kill and to be killed weren't the treasury raiders!

Patriotism was bought during the war—but it wasn't the patriotism of the soldiers. It was the patriotism of the munitions makers that was bought. And it was the patriotism of the bankers, the speculators, all who profited from the war!

The American people aren't fooled. They know the American soldiers aren't treasury raiders. They know they don't have to buy the patriotism of our four million American youths who served during the World War.

The soldiers would have had their back pay years ago, as the people intended they should have, but for a small number of men.

The American Liberty League is the newest and the strongest of all the Tory groups fighting the soldier and the soldier class of the nation. These groups exert their pressure on our Congress—they exert their tremendous pressure on the press of the nation—they exert their pressure on the White House. They are doubly anxious to win this coming fight on the bonus because they realize that the veteran is about to take his rightful place in the politics of our country.

The American Liberty League and the National Economy League are made up of representatives of the very wealthy and of the huge corporations. These groups properly and laudably desire to keep down their tax costs. However, they no more represent our 120,000,000 people than I represent the admirals in our Navy. They represent the vested interests; they represent those who stayed safely at home in 1917 and in 1918 and profited.

They keep harping on the assertion that veterans' care costs the government "almost a billion dollars a year."

How about that billion dollars?

It amounted to about $928,000,000 in 1927—and to but $704,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935.

But that money is not all for World War veterans. It is the cost of all our wars. A small sum still goes, annually, to the several widows and one daughter of the long ago deceased veterans of the War of 1812. A slightly larger sum goes to the widows of the veterans of our War with Mexico. Approximately $98,000,000 a year goes to remaining veterans of the Civil War and widows.

About $110,000,000 goes to the survivors of the Spanish-American War and their dependents. This removes about $210,000,000 from the $704,000,000.

Another $117,000,000 goes for war-risk insurance. This was paid for by the men during the war—was deducted from their dollar-a-day pay. And about $100,000,000 annually goes into the fund for the ultimate retirement of the adjusted-compensation certificates in 1945.

So that so-called billion dollars a year, upon analysis, resolves itself down to a figure of about $277,000,000 as the actual cost of caring for the physically maimed and mentally broken veterans of the World War.

Approximately $500 a year each!

AS a matter of fact, the cost of veterans' care is *not* such an important factor in our ever growing federal deficit.

In 1927 the total cost of government was $3,493,000,000. The 1935 cost was $8,520,000,413. And in those eight years cost of all veterans' care dropped from $928,000,000 a year to $704,000,000.

Did any other government department show a drop? You bet it didn't!

In 1927 the national debt was $18,500,000,000.

On June 30, 1935, it was $28,700,000,000!

All along, the White House has been the World War veteran's enemy. Harding vetoed in 1922 a bill offering veterans home financing, vocational training, or cash. Coolidge vetoed in 1924 the bill providing for these adjusted-compensation certificates. Congress, however, finally overrode his veto. Herbert Hoover vetoed the bill to pay veterans 50 per cent of their bonus in 1931. Congress overrode this veto, too. And surely you remember Hoover's treatment of the bonus army!

And Franklin Delano Roosevelt vetoed—in person, before the joint Houses—the Patman Bonus Bill in 1935! And it was in his administration that the remnants of a new bonus army were gathered up—in secrecy and in the dead of night—and sent off in small groups to camps along the Florida Keys—only to be killed or drowned in the first hurricane.

In 1935 one man—and one man alone—stood between the veterans and their bonus. That man is our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Every argument—every claim—every assertion in his veto message had previously been controverted in the House and in the Senate.

The veterans, he said, should not get their bonus—their back pay—until 1945, because the adjusted-compensation certificates are dated 1945.

He said the nation could not afford to pay the bonus. That's the same old boloney.

Why, we could afford three and a half billion dollars for RFC. And we could afford a couple more billions for CWA—to pay men to shovel dry leaves back and forth. And three billion for PWA.

And we can afford four billion eight hundred and eighty million for work relief—and who can tell to what purpose this money is being expended?

Passage of an honest bonus bill at the forthcoming session of Congress would place in the hands of about 3,850,000 veterans the total of $2,201,000,000.

WHAT would happen to that money? Well, what happened to past bonus money?

Back in 1931 Congress permitted the veterans to borrow 50 per cent of the face value of their adjusted-compensation certificates, instead of 25 per cent.

Immediately 2,734,382 veterans made loans on their certificates amounting to $1,429,000,000.

Remember, this was in 1931 and before the veterans had exhausted all their private means.

What did these veterans do with this borrowed money? Did they hoard it? Did they gamble it away? Did they drink it up?

Just listen! Read what Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, administrator of our veterans' affairs, said at that time. And no man knows better than he does.

Sixty-five per cent of that $1,429,000,000 was utilized for necessaries: Food. Clothing. Doctors' bills. Rent. Coal for the winter.

Twenty per cent was invested. Eight per cent was used to buy automobiles and radios and furniture.

Only seven per cent was wasted.

But listen to what General Hines said then:

"It may be safely said that a greater part of this money was due upon indebtedness already existent."

Even then the veterans were in extreme need!

Now, can't you see what a wonderful boost the immediate payment of the bonus would be to the administration's recovery program?

That $2,201,000,000 would be spent almost immediately. All business would be stimulated. And very little, if any, of that money would be wasted.

The veterans have lost patience—they have lost confidence—they are tired of unfulfilled promises.

Let the statesmen and the politicians and the spokesmen for the vested interests remember that there are more than three and three quarter million veterans holding adjusted-compensation certificates.

And is there one veteran in the United States who doesn't have *somebody* who will vote with him? That's seven and a half million votes at the very least!

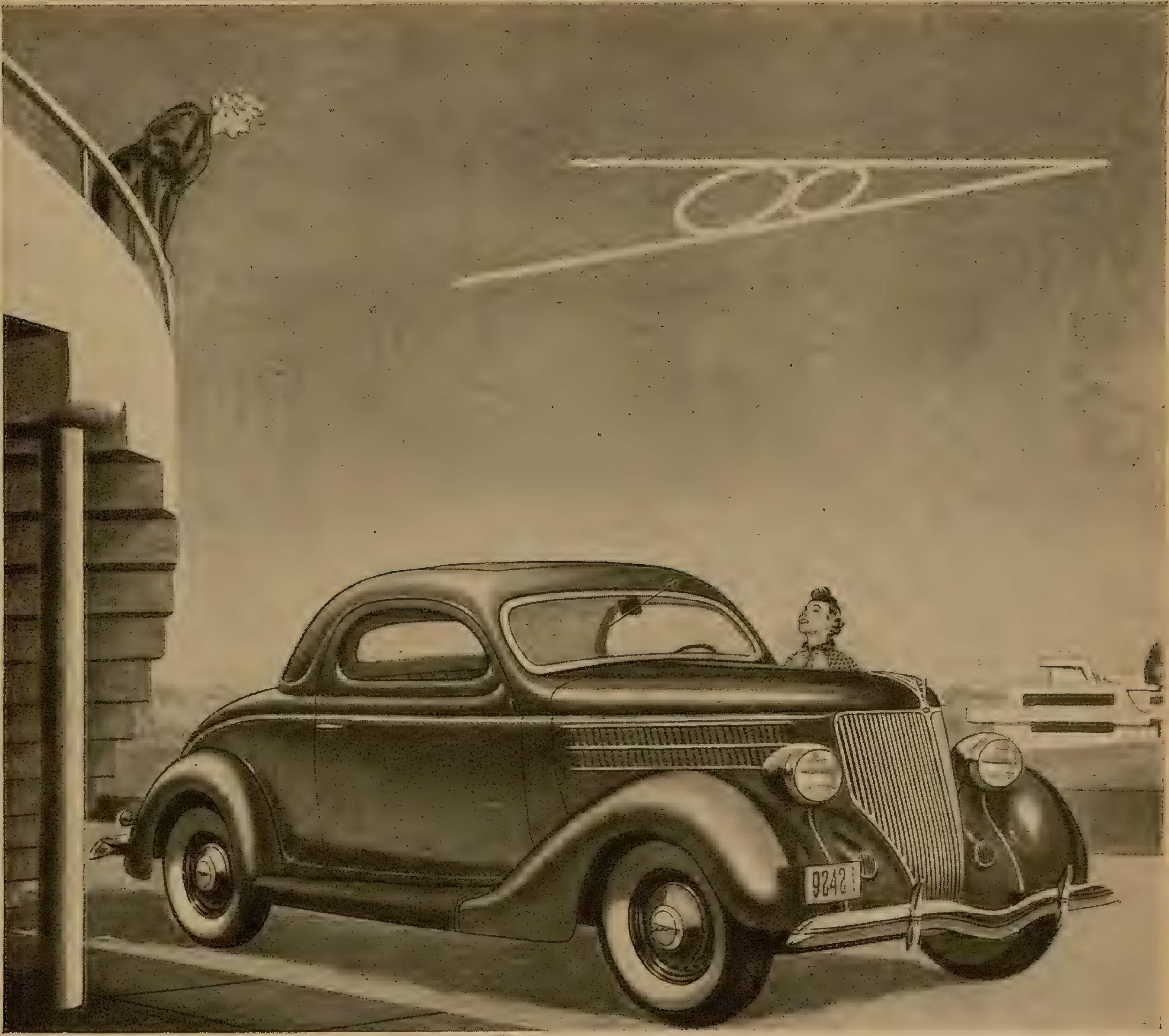
If the veterans of America are again denied their back pay at this coming session of Congress, then the veterans of today must look—and they will look—to the veterans of yesteryear for guidance and advice.

They must do—and they will do—as our forebears did—as the veterans of the Union Army did after the Civil War.

They must—and they will—organize for political action.

No man dared defy the G. A. R.—no President, no Congress, no American Liberty League, no National Economy League—and I prophesy that if Congress fails in its duty to the veterans in the 1936 session, the veterans will have the final say at the polls in November, 1936!

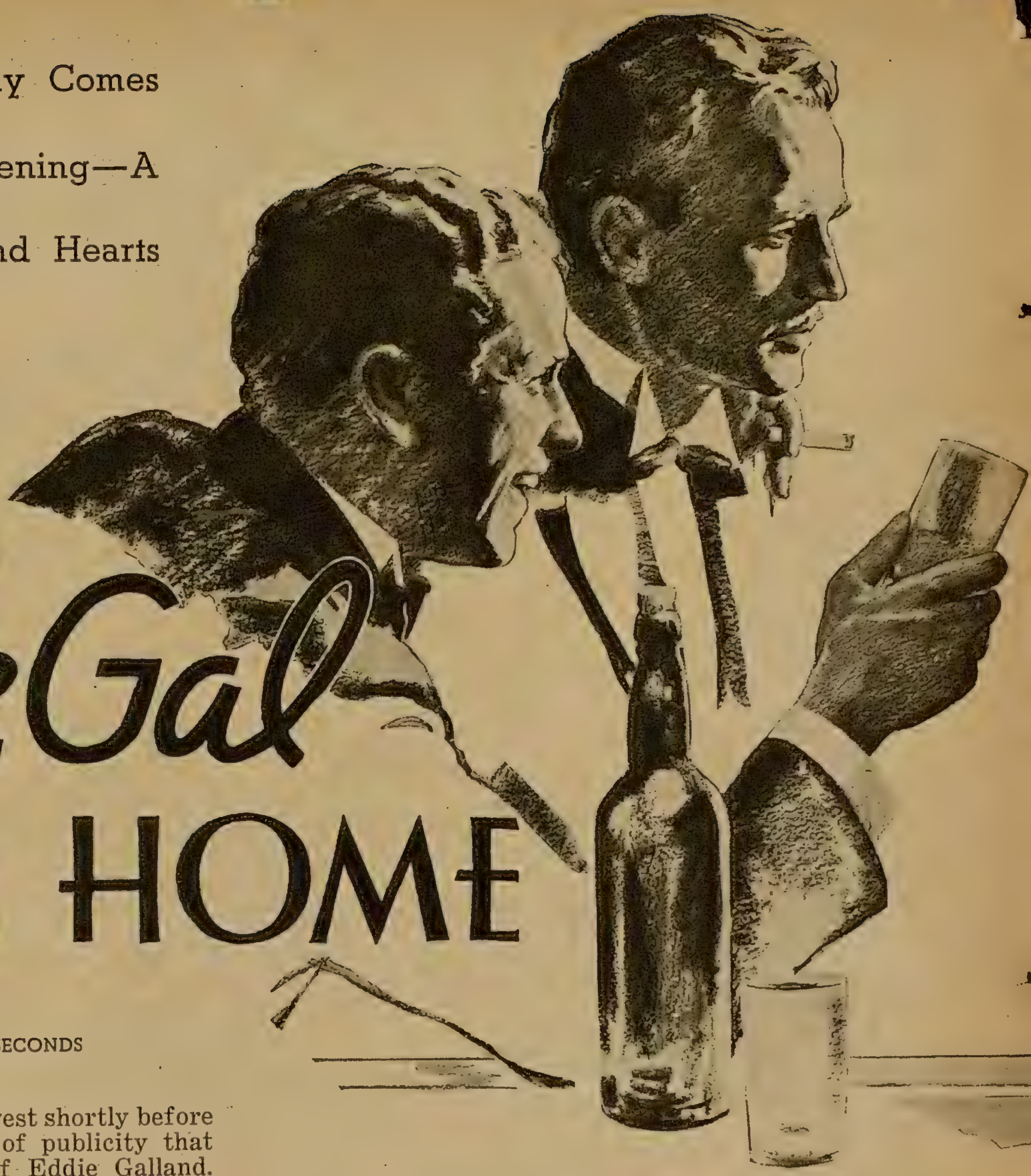
THE END



## *THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1936*

The New Ford V-8 for 1936 is beautifully timed for these modern days—as up-to-date in performance as in appearance. . . . The V-8 engine maintains its leadership in power, acceleration and smoothness—gives you many advantages formerly available only in high-priced cars. This V-8 engine is an important reason why the Ford is such a satisfying car to drive. . . . You will find, too, that there is something equally outstanding about the safety, comfort and roominess of the 1936 Ford V-8. . . . You drive with unusual security because of ease of handling, the welded steel body, big powerful brakes that stop the car with ease and certainty and Safety Glass (all around at no extra cost). . . . The compact design of the V-8 engine means extra inches of room and makes the Ford a really big car inside. Center-Poised seat position contributes to easy riding comfort on every type of road—in the back seat as well as in front. . . . You will like everything about the Ford V-8 for 1936. For it has everything you would like to have in a modern motor car.

From Hard-Boiled Broadway Comes the Tale of a Cynic's Awakening—A Holiday Story of Holly and Hearts and a . . .



# Little Gal FROM HOME

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ANN JANET came on from the Midwest shortly before Christmas, heralded by the sort of publicity that attended any intimate concern of Eddie Galland. Hubert Axtel wrote in his gossip column: "Eddie Galland is carrying a torch *this* high for a little gal from home whose curls he used to pull in grade-school days." A few days later he told the smart world of New York that the gal from home was on her way to the city and she and Eddie would be license-shopping in the near future.

Axtel didn't particularly like Eddie, but he was an obliging soul, and Eddie was good copy. Too, Eddie, knowing the value of publicity, was persistent. When he dropped in, ostensibly on a friendly visit, and dropped hints about his own doings, it was easier to give him an item than to listen to his recriminations over the telephone later. So Axtel obliged with three or four things about the gal from home before he actually saw her.

Axtel had lived long enough in the city to know its highways and byways, and to know, too, much more about its celebrities than prudence ever allowed him to print. He remembered when Eddie had carried a torch *this* high for Pamela Downs, until her Park Avenue family had whisked her away to Europe. That was in Eddie's struggle-filled early days, before the ether waves carried this soulful voice into fifty million homes and all the newspapers kept plates of his handsome face ready for frequent printing.

He knew—and secretly had smiled over—Eddie's escape from that Lorelei of Manhattan, Connie Woodly. Somebody had pointed out to Eddie that any publicized involvement of his name with Connie's would be fatal to his vogue as a singer of spirituals and sweet old-fashioned love songs; and Connie, almost at the same moment, had glimpsed bigger game in the person of young Herold Thorndyke of Newport.

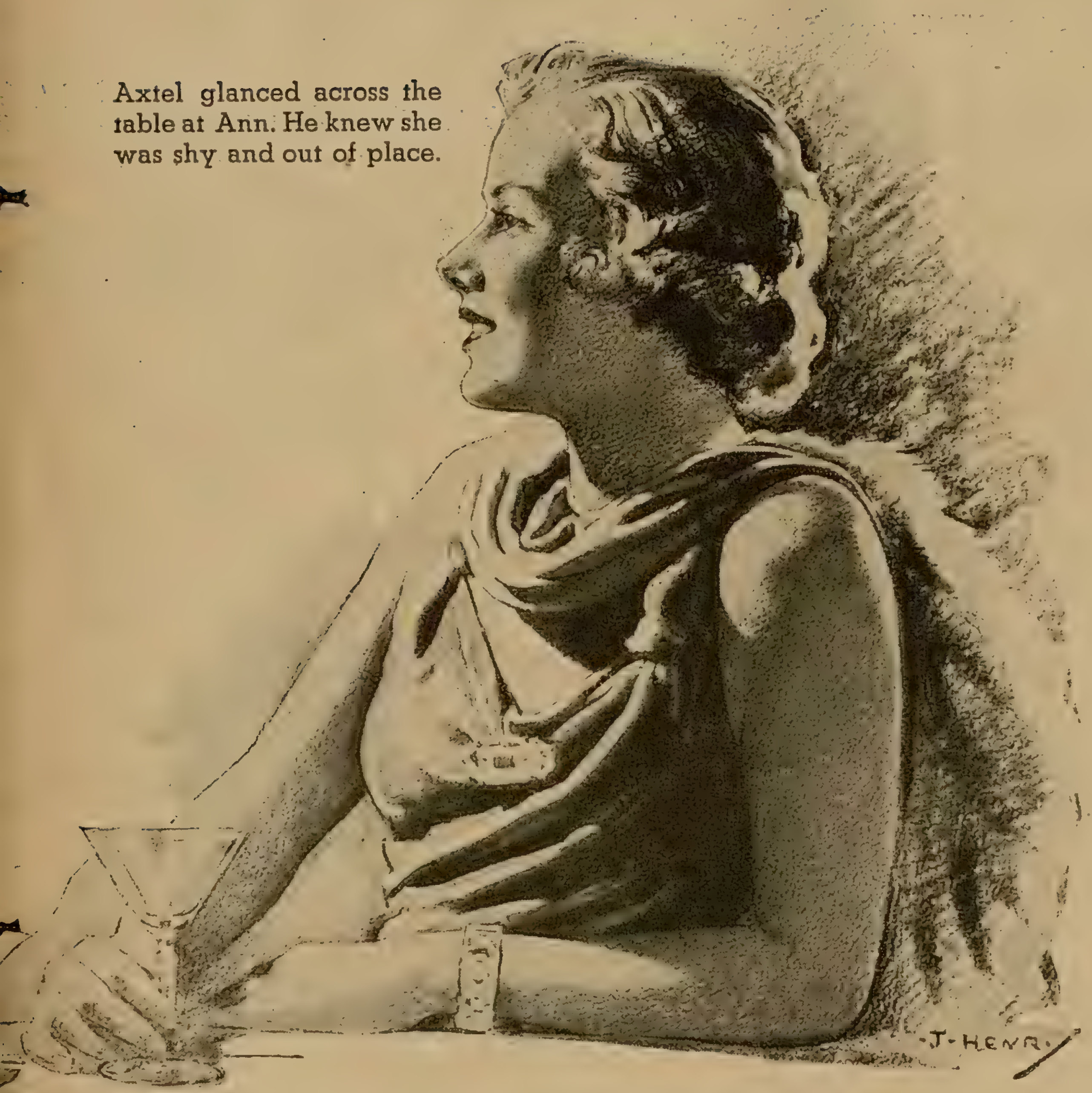
Well, if the little gal from home wanted to be a pawn in Eddie's chess game, it was nothing to him. Eddie's popularity had been slipping a little lately. A homey, wholesome romance was just the thing to put it on its feet again. That, probably, was the reason for it.

When Eddie failed to appear at the office for all of two weeks, Hubert Axtel concluded that the gal from home had arrived. He could afford to give his readers a rest from Eddie's doings, so he made no inquiries, feeling certain that Eddie would enlighten him in due time. But before Eddie arrived to enlighten him, he happened, on his nightly rounds, to drop in at Joe's.

It was the beginning of Christmas week. Joe's was doing a flourishing business, and every one who was any one in his world was sure to be there. Hubert Axtel had a bad cold and the feeling of forlornness that besets many of us as the holiday season approaches. A Hollywood star had telegraphed him one day that she was going to marry one man, and the next day had eloped with an entirely different gentleman whom he had never previously heard of. He'd been razzed on all sides about the matter, and the Big Boss had taken it badly. He went up to Joe's reluctantly, telling himself that any one who offered him a nickel for his job could have it.

Joe's was glittering with hard bright light, odorous with the mingled smells of perfume and face powder and spilled liquor and cigarette smoke, noisy with conversation and laughter and the music of an industrious marimba band. He went in and stood at the bar, exchanging greetings with a number of people who were afraid he wouldn't notice that they were there; and among those very effusive people was Eddie, and with Eddie was the girl.

All in an instant, Hubert Axtel, in his own mind, restored that word to its conventional spelling. For there by FAITH ELLEN SMITH



Axtel glanced across the table at Ann. He knew she was shy and out of place.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

was nothing hard and glittering and predatory about Ann Janet. Nothing New Yorkized. Nothing, in short, that made her eligible for his smart cheap little witticisms. She didn't belong in his column at all. Inwardly he resolved that she should never appear there again.

EDDIE, of course, fell upon him like a long-lost and mourned friend. "We're just going in," he said. "Come and sit with us. I think you know all these people except my fiancée. Darling, this is the great Hubert Axtel. Axtel, her name's Ann Janet Halliday."

Hubert Axtel bowed to Ann Janet, who bowed politely in return. There was no avid gleam in her calm brown eyes. He saw that to her his name was of no more importance than any other name. She gave him, for the brief instant that their eyes met, a sense of rest and quiet, and although he had not intended to accept Eddie's invitation, he changed his mind and left the bar and sat down.

The people who were with Eddie were Eddie's usual crowd. They wrote books and plays and poems and did things over the radio. They all told him what they were doing and gave him to understand that no one else had ever done it quite as well. Hubert Axtel didn't make any great effort to listen. He sat, as noncommittal as a graven image, silent, as was his custom, with his habitual half-cynical smile twisting the corners of his lips.

Now and then he glanced across the table at Ann Janet. He noticed that her hands were not too small for generosity or too large for beauty; that her forehead was high and placid; that her hair was soft and fine and long and twisted into a neat brown roll low on her neck. He knew that her lips were sensitive to laughter or tears. He knew that she was shy and out of place among these sophisticated people whose jargon was strange to her. There was a floor show at Joe's and when it came on he saw that the vulgarity of some of the acts—well, shocked was not the word perhaps—startled her.

After a little he excused himself and got up and moved around the crowded room, gathering items as he went. As he did this, his eyes, trained to acute observation, glimpsed Eddie Galland being led by a page boy to one of the telephone booths, and a little later, Eddie emerging from the booth looking somewhat troubled. Then, having gathered his night's crop of fact and fancy, he started out, and found Eddie and Ann Janet standing on the curb, in the sudden downrush of a sleet storm, arguing.

"I don't know why you wouldn't go with the others," Eddie was saying. "I don't like to have you riding around in taxis alone at night."

"I didn't want to go without you," Ann Janet said. "I'll be perfectly all right going back to the hotel in a taxi."

A taxi drew up then, and Hubert Axtel made a quick decision.

"I wonder if you'd let me drive down with you?" he suggested. "I don't relish getting pneumonia in this storm."

Eddie said, "You're a public benefactor, Ax. I've got to stick around here until one of the fellows from the studio picks me up for a conference. I was just telling Ann I don't like the idea of her roaming around the city by herself."

Ann got into the taxi and Hubert Axtel followed her. They moved away through the pattering of rain.

"I don't think they ought to expect him to go to conferences as late as this," Ann said.

Axtel thought, "I don't think they do," but he didn't say it. He sat and studied her profile in the flashes of street lights they were passing, and wondered whether the mystery of Eddie Galland's telephone call was worthy of further sleuthing.

After a little he asked, "You really came from the same town as Eddie?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Where was that—Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa?"

"Ohio."

"The good old covered wagon—Indians storming the stockade—Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes, boys—all that sort of thing?"

"Very much so," she said a little stiffly. "My people were pioneers. I'm proud of them."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was trying to be funny. Then you've known Eddie a long time?"

"We've been engaged five years," she told him. "We got engaged before he came to the city, but of course we couldn't be married until he got a start. Every one thought he'd forget all about me when he began to be famous, but you see he didn't."

"I see," Hubert Axtel said dryly.

"I wouldn't have blamed him, really, if he had. He's so important now and I'm just somebody from the little home town. All the other girls he knows are so clever. After you left the table tonight they told me who you were, and I thought if I ever got the chance I'd ask you what you'd do if you were in my place."

"What I'd *do?*"

"I mean—what you'd do to—well, sort of catch up with Eddie. I thought about taking a short-story course, or something; but that isn't exactly what I mean. Do you think if I moved out of the hotel and took an apartment, some of his friends might come to see me?"

"What on earth do you want them to come to see you for?" he demanded.

She said honestly, "I want to study them, so when we're married I can make friends with them. I've an A.B., and I've always thought I had some intelligence; but brilliant people like that make me feel ignorant."

"*Brilliant* people!" he snorted.

"But they *are* brilliant and important and busy," she said. "What do you mean?"

He coughed and told her, "Nothing. If I sound funny it's because this darn cold is getting worse by the minute. As to coming to see you—my dear girl, all you need do is get an apartment and keep it well stocked with liquor, and you can glue a Standing Room Only sign on the door."

They came to the hotel then. Hubert Axtel got out of the taxi and helped her out and walked with her up to the door. Then he got back into the taxi and drove uptown and stopped at Joe's. There he observed very much what he had expected to—namely, Eddie Galland and a girl, whose face he did not see, sitting cozily at one of the small sequestered tables. Eddie didn't see him. Axtel went to his apartment and kicked books and scattered newspapers and an empty glass or two out of the middle of the living-room floor and put a big basin filled with hot water and salt and mustard there and soaked his feet in the mustard bath and coughed and sneezed and blew his nose and wrote his tomorrow's column. There was no mention of Eddie Galland or Ann Janet in the column. The poor little simp! Let her row her own boat—or upset it. The thing was no business of his.

His cold kept him in the house all week. Plenty of people gave him gossip items over the telephone. He wrote the column every night and read the papers and a few new books by day, and had, all in all, a fairly good time in the intervals when he wasn't engaged in having chills and fevers and attacks of coughing. The elevator boy more or less took care of him, and—probably because the conductors of gossip columns are not classed among the good who are reputed to die young—he was well enough to be out again by the end of the week.

The end of that week was, of course, Christmas Eve. Hubert Axtel looked out of the window of his kitchenette and saw that some one had taken the formerly vacant apartment on the other side of the court and that the window that faced his window now held a gay holly wreath. He also saw from the window that sunlight was slanting into the court, and he decided to go out for a little and collect as much Christmas atmosphere as he could for his column and a little fresh air for himself.

GOING down to the street, the elevator boy said, "Merry Christmas!" Hubert Axtel glowered at him. "You'll get a present tomorrow," he said, "on one condition. Namely, that I don't hear another word about Christmas out of you!"

"Sure," the elevator boy said. "I forgot who I was talking to. Most of the tenants come in like the girl just moved into E-Sixteen, hidin' behind a stack of bundles a mile high till you can't see 'em—just spoilin' to talk about their tree."

Hubert Axtel winced. The boy gave him a smile that said they were both men of the world to whom such childishness as Christmas cheer was anathema.

Axtel took a taxi up to the region of the night clubs and talked with barkeepers and head waiters who had just got up. Elaborate preparations for a big evening were going forward everywhere, and there were plenty of items of interest ripe for picking. He picked what he needed and went to the office and wrote them up. Just as he was finishing writing them, his desk telephone rang, and Eddie Galland's voice came to him over the wire saying, "Say, listen, Ax. I'm going to give you a hot one now. Exclusive scoop, too. Listen."

Hubert Axtel said, "Mr. Axtel is ill with the flu," in what he hoped was a convincingly secretarial voice, and hung up.

He waited to read proof on his column and started home through the grayness of early dusk. Even if he hadn't known the day of the month, he would have recognized the holiday spirit that pervaded the streets. People's faces, usually so strained and yet so blank, tonight were almost gay.

Inevitably people he knew met him. One of them, a brother columnist on a rival paper, stopped to talk.

"Getting a vacation, Axtel?"

"I've had one," said Hubert. "Also the flu."

The rival columnist shifted an enormous package from his right hand to his left. "So? I hear there's quite an epidemic. I suppose you're getting out of town for tomorrow anyway?"

"No," said Hubert Axtel.

"Thought you always went somewhere. New Jersey, was it? Long Island?"

"I did," Axtel said, "when my mother was alive—New Jersey."

"Oh." The other columnist looked sorry. "Say, if you haven't anything better to do—we've got a fifteen-pound turkey and a new maid that allows she knows how to cook it—"

"Thanks," Axtel said. "But I'm sure I'm still giving away germs."

HE said good night and walked on, forgetting to twist his lips into the habitual sardonic smile. He wouldn't go to Evans's house, play bridge and talk shop and drink more than was good for him—and be tacitly pitied and patronized by Evans's empty-headed wife. Christmas was a holiday to celebrate in your own home. Some of the phrases he had coined for the column in regard to the American home were still winning applause for the radio comedians who had borrowed them. He was a cynic, witty, hard-boiled, sarcastic.

That house in New Jersey, where, year after year, a tree covered with tinsel and popcorn and cranberry strings had stood between the living-room windows—American sentimentality at its worst. He remembered his mother's thin heavily veined old hands impaling cranberries on a long, bright needle, while he curtly refused an invitation to join two aspiring playwrights in a friendly drink.

Aside from one somewhat naughty Christmas card slipped under his door during his absence, there was nothing in the apartment to remind him that this night was any different from any other night.

He felt a little shaky after his burst of activity, and a little hungry. He went into the kitchenette and poked around. He had left the window open, and the cool air from it set him to shivering. As he closed it, he looked down through the holly wreath in the window opposite—and saw some one impaling bright-red cranberries on a long darning needle.

He stared for a moment at all he could see of the wielder of the needle—two well formed hands and a patch of blue bungalow apron. The cranberries, he noted, were fine big ones, and they had been poured into a very bright aluminum pan. He wanted to pull down the curtain between the two hands and himself, but it had wound itself tightly around its roller, and he was too tired to climb up and release it. He began getting his supper.

When he carried his dishes out to the sink, he looked down through the holly wreath again and saw her bending over the oven, basting either a large chicken or a small turkey. There was something vaguely familiar about her back. She had nice brown hair, worn long and twisted low in a knot.

When she rose he saw that she was Ann Janet. The apartment building in which he lived was popular among those few of Eddie's friends who made some pretense of being domestic, and it was not too far from the intersection of Forty-second Street and Broadway. It was exactly the place where he might have expected her to conduct her venture of making friends with Eddie's friends.

He wondered who of the crowd she had invited for dinner and how that labor of love would be received. Eddie's friends weren't of a kind to expend their time and energy on cooking. Sandwiches and highballs were more their idea of a party. Sandwiches and highballs and the eternal talk of themselves that made him more and more disgusted the more he had to listen to it. They didn't deserve delicately browned chickens or turkeys, or the crisp salad that she was now carefully arranging on two small glass salad plates. He wished he'd given her a little sensible advice that evening they rode downtown together.

He went into the living room and played several games of solitaire. The telephone rang once and some one asked him to a midnight party at Joe's. He said his health wouldn't allow such dissipation and hung up. Then he went out to the kitchenette for a drink of water.

A gossip-column conductor might be expected to peer through other people's windows, but he hadn't intended to let his eyes stray through the circle of the holly wreath. None the less, they strayed there, and what they saw snapped him out of his mood of *laissez faire* as effectually as if some one had suddenly cracked a whip next to his ear.

THE turkey (or chicken), all nicely browned, had been taken from the oven and left, whole, on top of the stove. Near it stood pots and pans holding the other ingredients of a dinner, all in that state of arrested development that proclaims to any one who knows anything about cooking that the dinner has suddenly been called off. At the small table whereon she had prepared the salad sat Ann Janet, with her arms on the table and her head on her arms—and if she wasn't crying, everything about her position and the faintly visible shaking of her shoulders was misleading.

Hubert Axtel said a few things about Eddie and Eddie's friends that could not have been printed in his column. Then he went down to Apartment E-16.

She came to the door after his third ring. Her eyes were quite obviously red, but she had herself well in hand. She stared at him for a moment, not recognizing him; then she said, "Why, Mr. Axtel! Won't you come in?"

He followed her through a little hallway like his own hallway and into a little living room quite unlike his own in that it was the perfection of neatness and order. He saw that a small tree stood between the living-room windows—a tree that had been dressed with loving care in tinsel and strings of cranberries and popcorn. A pleasant honest small-town Christmas tree with its feet in a box covered with red tissue paper; with nothing synthetic about it. He also saw that a card table, set with two places, stood near the tree.

He said, "I just discovered today that you'd moved in here. I live upstairs. I thought I'd come down and

STEP UP, MEN, AND HEAR ABOUT THE FAIREST OFFER EVER MADE TO PIPE SMOKERS ANYWHERE

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**Unusual You-Must-Be-Pleased Plan Earns Instant Acceptance!**

Here's the most attractive offer, we believe, that's been made to pipe smokers.

***What you do***—Simply go to your dealer and get Prince Albert. Smoke 20 pipefuls. If you don't say you've had the best pipe smokin' ever, the makers of Prince Albert will return full purchase price, plus postage, just as the offer says.

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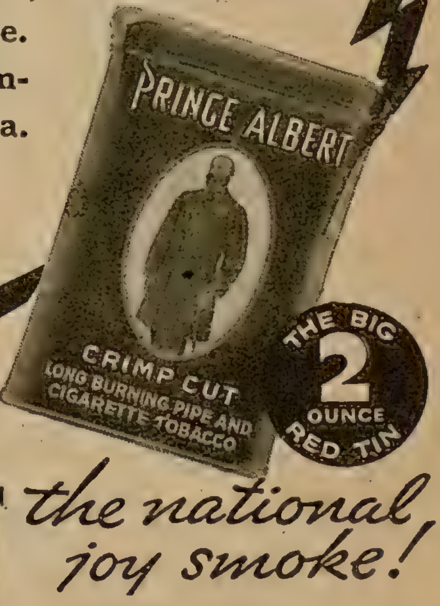
**Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.**



**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke!*

HELPED SHIFT PIANO AND STRAINED WRIST

**But good old Absorbine Jr. Gave Quick Relief**

STEPPING to the aid of two servants who were shifting a piano back into place, Mrs. D.* painfully strained her left wrist.

When discomfort and swelling continued to increase during the day, she thought of an Absorbine Jr. bottle in the bathroom and started frequent applications. Pain and swelling both rapidly subsided and she was able to enjoy a good night's sleep. In a couple of days the incident was forgotten.

For years this remarkable old liniment has been the good friend of countless families. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, aches, sprains and bruises. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, too. And costs very little — because a little goes so far. All druggists', $1.25 the bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter from our files*

**ABSORBINE JR.**

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

see how the experiment was working."

She sat down opposite him and folded her really lovely hands and looked down at them. She said quite calmly, "It isn't working. I was going to give a party tonight. I invited ten people. One after the other they've been calling up all day to say they couldn't come."

He looked at the card table. "So I suppose it's got down to just Eddie and you," he said. "Well, after all, that's pleasanter, isn't it?"

He thought he had never before seen such hurt disillusionment in any pair of eyes as he saw in hers, but they met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Eddie," she said, "was the last one to send word he couldn't come. Eddie has gone."

"Gone?" he said. "Where?"

"I don't know. I got a telegram from him an hour ago. It said he'd been called out of the city on business. It was sent from Albany. They won't tell me anything at the studio. I hadn't heard from him or seen him for two days, but he said he'd come tonight, so I kept right on getting dinner—and then the telegram came."

Hubert Axtel remembered several things—including his glimpse of Eddie and some girl that night at Joe's and Eddie's excited voice over his telephone this afternoon.

"Do you want to know where he's gone?" he asked.

"Of course I do. Do you know?"

"No," he said. "But I've got a strong hunch I can find out if you'll let me use the telephone."

The telephone was in the little entrance hall. He closed the door between it and the living room, so that she might not overhear what he said, and called Evans. "Do you know anything about the whereabouts of that insect Eddie Galland?" he asked.

"*Do* I?" Evans said. "What is this—a joke? You don't mean to say I've beaten you to it?"

"I don't give a darn what you've beaten me to," Axtel said. "This is strictly off the record. Where is the gentleman of unpleasant ancestry and doubtful parentage—and why?"

"AFTER all," Evans said, "the flu might be a handicap even to a *good* reporter. And our first edition is on the press. You don't mean to say you don't know that Pamela Downs is back from Europe?"

"I knew she was back." Axtel cursed the brain-muddling effects of a cold. He should have had sense enough to put two and two together that night at Joe's.

"And," gloated Evans, "you don't mean to say you've forgotten that Father Downs passed to his reward while his gilded offspring was painting the foreign capitals a bright crimson—thereby removing all authority that might cramp the said offspring's style?"

"So," Axtel deduced, "the old affair is on again, and dear Pamela and Eddie—"

"—are one," Evans said sweetly. "The deed was done by a justice of the peace at Stamford this afternoon. The happy pair are—"

"In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, I hope," Axtel said, "halfway down at the deepest point. Thanks, old man. Sometime, after I've gone to press with it, I'll give you a news item."

HE dreaded facing Ann Janet, but she took the news with remarkable self-control.

"After all," she said, "I think I've known ever since I got here that there was something—lacking. It was lacking in me, I suppose."

"Lacking in Eddie, you mean," he said; "in him and all his kind. Eddie's crowd aren't any more real than the diamond rings in the five-and-ten-cent stores. They glitter a little, that's all."

"Really?" she said.

"Really. Little people doing little unimportant things and making a great noise about it. I'm one of them myself. I ought to know."

"Oh, but you're not. You're—"

"At least," he said, "I don't kid myself with delusions of grandeur. I'm the big-city equivalent of the small-town gossip. I try to be decent enough not to print stories that do any great amount of damage—but that's what I am. Just the same, I'm not so far gone I can't recognize real value when I see it. You were just too darned good for that crowd."

She sighed. "You're awfully kind," she said.

"No, I'm just truthful. Pamela Downs is as wild as they come. She's as spoiled as the devil. Eddie's a spoiled baby himself. That'll be over inside six months. If you still want your dear Eddie—"

"Want him?" she said. "Thanks, I don't. When I've been completely disillusioned in anybody, it—sticks. That's what hurts just now—learning that somebody I've thought I loved for five years is just a—a mess. I'm awfully glad I did learn in time."

For all her bravery her lips were quivering, and then Axtel had an inspiration.

"The etiquette books wouldn't approve," he said, "but—have you, by chance, any food? I've had the flu for a week, and my own cooking—"

"*Have* I?" She got up, brightening at this call to service. "A whole Christmas dinner. You wait!"

He waited, looking at the little tree, which blurred strangely now and then before his eyes. He wasn't, after all, more than a few years older than Eddie Galland, and he was making a good salary, and some day he might—he *would*—give up the accursed column and move to the country and raise prize dahlias. He knew that there are a few real values in life which one must recognize and be prepared to take when they come one's way. He suspected that Eddie unintentionally had more than repaid him for all the publicity he had ever given him.

THE END

# NEXT WEEK

# JAFSIE TELLS ALL!

Liberty 5¢
WANTED
INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF
CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.
YES! I do know more than I have ever told, but now—
JAFSIE TELLS ALL!
HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME CONDON ANSWERS HAUPTMANN—PRODUCES NEW EVIDENCE AND GIVES HIS HIDDEN KEYS TO THE MYSTERY...

**CIRCUMSTANCES made him a man of mystery—an enigma to the public and even to the police. Was his story the whole truth? Did he know more than he was telling?**

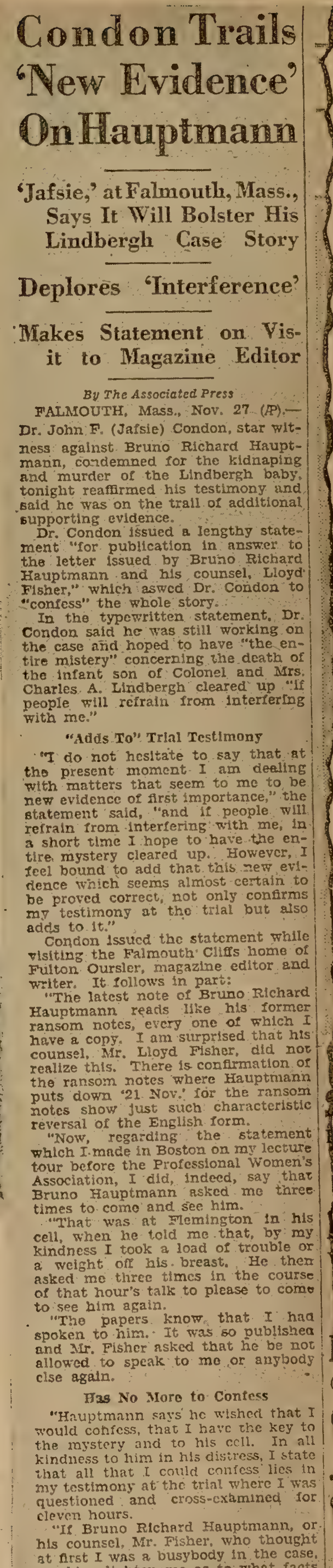
**Such questions were asked everywhere. They are still being asked. Hauptmann himself recently gave out a statement calling upon Dr. Condon to "make a full confession."**

**What was Jafsie Condon's answer? See the newspaper clipping reproduced on this page.**

**Now at last** ***his new evidence is to be disclosed!***

**Beginning NEXT WEEK, his own story—presenting that evidence, answering Hauptmann, answering "unsolved" questions asked by Lou Wedemar in Liberty last week—will be given to the world** ***exclusively in Liberty!*** **Needless to urge** ***anybody*** **not to miss** ***this***—

**IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!**



## Condon Trails 'New Evidence' On Hauptmann

### 'Jafsie,' at Falmouth, Mass., Says It Will Bolster His Lindbergh Case Story

### Deplores 'Interference'

### Makes Statement on Visit to Magazine Editor

*By The Associated Press*

FALMOUTH, Mass., Nov. 27 (AP).—Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, star witness against Bruno Richard Hauptmann, condemned for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby, tonight reaffirmed his testimony and said he was on the trail of additional supporting evidence.

Dr. Condon issued a lengthy statement "for publication in answer to the letter issued by Bruno Richard Hauptmann and his counsel, Lloyd Fisher," which aswed Dr. Condon to "confess" the whole story.

In the typewritten statement, Dr. Condon said he was still working on the case and hoped to have "the entire mistery" concerning the death of the infant son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh cleared up "if people will refrain from interfering with me."

#### "Adds To" Trial Testimony

"I do not hesitate to say that at the present moment I am dealing with matters that seem to me to be new evidence of first importance," the statement said, "and if people will refrain from interfering with me, in a short time I hope to have the entire mystery cleared up. However, I feel bound to add that this new evidence which seems almost certain to be proved correct, not only confirms my testimony at the trial but also adds to it."

Condon issued the statement while visiting the Falmouth Cliffs home of Fulton Oursler, magazine editor and writer. It follows in part:

"The latest note of Bruno Richard Hauptmann reads like his former ransom notes, every one of which I have a copy. I am surprised that his counsel, Mr. Lloyd Fisher, did not realize this. There is confirmation of the ransom notes where Hauptmann puts down '21 Nov.' for the ransom notes show just such characteristic reversal of the English form.

"Now, regarding the statement which I made in Boston on my lecture tour before the Professional Women's Association, I did, indeed, say that Bruno Hauptmann asked me three times to come and see him.

"That was at Flemington in his cell, when he told me that, by my kindness I took a load of trouble or a weight off his breast. He then asked me three times in the course of that hour's talk to please to come to see him again.

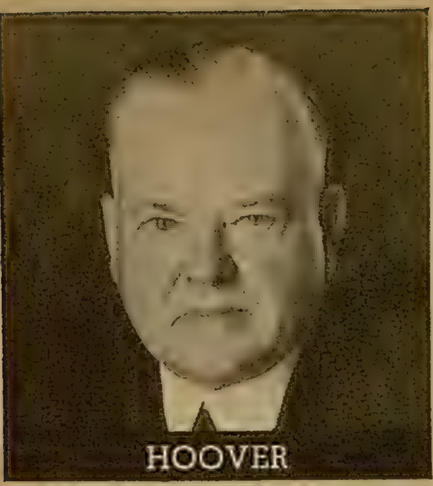
"The papers know that I had spoken to him. It was so published and Mr. Fisher asked that he be not allowed to speak to me or anybody else again.

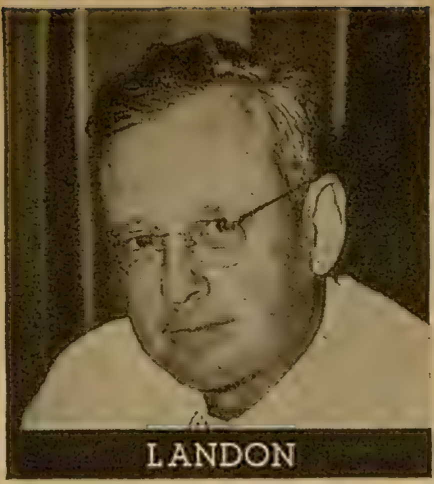
#### Has No More to Confess

"Hauptmann says he wished that I would confess, that I have the key to the mystery and to his cell. In all kindness to him in his distress, I state that all that I could confess lies in my testimony at the trial where I was questioned and cross-examined for eleven hours.

"If Bruno Richard Hauptmann, or his counsel, Mr. Fisher, who thought at first I was a busybody in the case, would enlighten me as to what facts on the case have not been disclosed, I should be most gratified to give my opinion on those points, if they desire to know."

*From an Associated Press dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune of November 28, 1935*


HOOVER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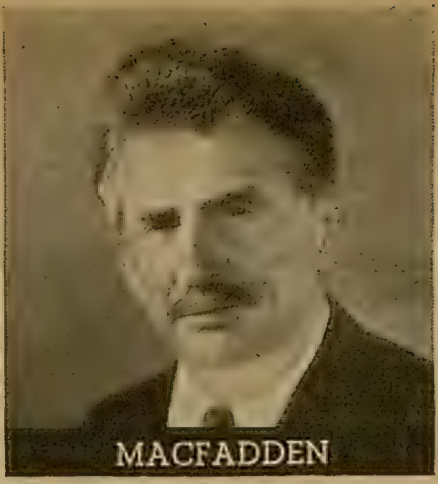
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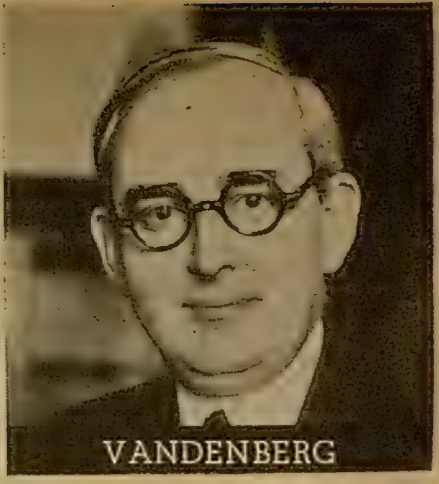

VANDENBERG

# How the REPUBLICANS

## Twelve States Could Do It, and They're Out to Win Them—A Penetrating Survey of Prospects and Possible Nominees

### by FULTON LEWIS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NOT so long ago easy tongues were parroting that the elephant was dead, that the Republican Party was leaderless and racked with dissension, that President Roosevelt's re-election was certain.

We aren't hearing quite so much of that today. We are hearing considerably more, from one quarter and another, to the effect that the elephant is alive and kicking—and has a chance. Some observers are even noting a few signs and portents of concealed Democratic misgivings.

The Democrats, to be sure, are in—and from the affluent purse of the federal government millions of dollars are pouring out to citizens and voters. Nevertheless, Presidential elections are *not* won by popular majorities. They hinge on mechanical eccentricities of the electoral college system. A plurality of one vote wins the electoral ballot of any state as effectively as does a plurality of a million. There are 531 electoral votes in all; only 266 are necessary to elect a President. New York, Ohio, California, Illinois, and Pennsylvania alone hold 160. With Michigan, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Iowa, Kansas, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Indiana the total is—266! So all the Grand Old Party need do this year is to wean back from Franklin Delano Roosevelt sufficient votes to carry twelve of those states.

If the Great American Voter grows sufficiently wary of the towering beanstalk of national indebtedness, if his breathing becomes labored in the stratosphere of brain-trust theories, 1936 may easily see one of the great battles of American political history.

Presidential candidates do not spring up like mushrooms. In each party is a small group of President-makers to whom falls the task of choosing candidates. In the Democratic Party today they are taskless; their choice, naturally, is Roosevelt—their platform, his record. In the Republican ranks the problem is complex and difficult. No one national figure stands out.

Timber shortage, however, is not the only problem. Today the Republican Party is a monstrosity, floundering along with three sets of wings.

First there is the Hoover faction. Hoover himself has been dropping adroit tracer bombs to study wind drift. Yet, outside their own ranks, the Hoover contingent are unpopular. For the most part they are political amateurs, in whom the real leaders of the party have never had great confidence, and since 1932, none at all.

Wing number two is the so-called Old Guard, whose too close consorting with capital provided Democracy with its ammunition of "special privilege" accusations. Today younger minds in the Republican organization are constantly crying out for more virile and aggressive leadership and policies than the Old Guardsmen can offer.

The last of the wings is the radical group—the so-called progressives. Their proportional power in the party has increased vastly in the past four years. Ironically, however, political circumstances have at the same time stifled much of their fire.

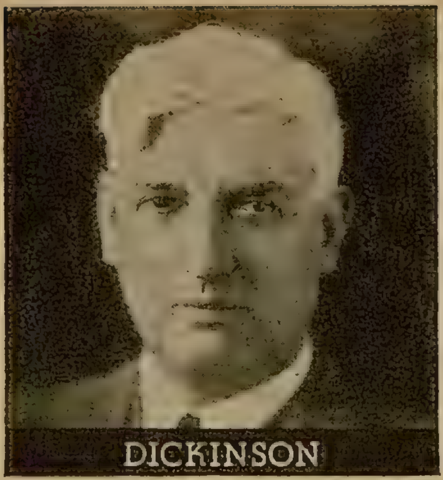
What to do about this three-winged freak is the primary problem of the Republican Party's President-makers. The sole hope is surgery, and to this end the scalpel of Republican national chairman Henry P. Fletcher has long since started work. The operation consists of grafting three cross-purposed sets of wings into one efficient even-working pair, snipping off harmful parasites, and giving a transfusion of that lifeblood, an objective.

Fletcher's further task is to guide the framing of the simplest platform ever adopted. That it must be simple is virtually the only point on which all factions are now agreed. It must strike at basic principles—soundness of currency, governmental assistance to business recovery without interference, a checking of the present mad runaway of the national debt. Such a platform obviously requires compromises from all factions.

Meanwhile the most powerful force behind popular acclaim of the Roosevelt administration lies in the constant and systematic efforts of White House secretaries, Presidential advisers, and Democratic leaders to find out how the Omaha milkman feels about embargoes on munitions and what the Mississippi River stevedore thinks of the Securities Exchange Bill. Votes are what count, and the votes of shipyard presidents and Wall Street brokers are counted in tens—those of milkmen and stevedores in millions. Fletcher has seen a contrary system meet disaster and this one succeed; so he has his own investigators at the grass roots.

The most promising gleam of hope among national policies lies in the field of business recovery—and how to promote it. The solution of the Roosevelt administration was—until the Supreme Court knocked it out—NRA. But even then upon the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—Republican brain child of Hoover's administration—were centered the really tangible hopes of the business man of candid mind for aid in the normal financing of his business. Democratic moves to liberalize its credit facilities have borne little fruit. And upon this the

HOFFMAN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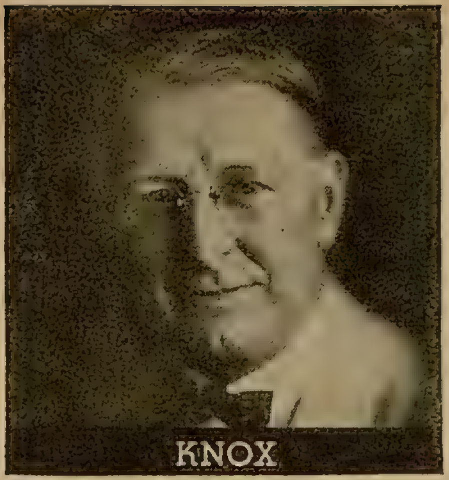

KNOX

ROBINSON

# Hope to Beat Roosevelt

Republican campaign will certainly lay heavy emphasis.

Somewhere in the United States, in a position of more or less public prominence, is the man who will be the Republican nominee. At this time the secretive President-makers of the party don't know who he is; they haven't made up their minds yet. The man himself doesn't know. Certainly the rank and file doesn't.

And yet, without appreciable doubt, his name is included in a list of twenty-five. Here they are, in geographical order:

| | Age | | Age |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mills of New York | 51 | Knox of Illinois | 62 |
| Wadsworth of New York | 58 | Frank of Wisconsin | 48 |
| Roosevelt of New York | 48 | Kohler of Wisconsin | 60 |
| Snell of New York | 65 | Dickinson of Iowa | 62 |
| Macfadden of New Jersey | 67 | MacNider of Iowa | 46 |
| Hoffman of New Jersey | 39 | Hyde of Missouri | 58 |
| Fletcher of Pennsylvania | 62 | Simmons of Nebraska | 44 |
| Reed of Pennsylvania | 55 | Capper of Kansas | 70 |
| Bolton of Ohio | 53 | Landon of Kansas | 48 |
| Bricker of Ohio | 42 | Nye of North Dakota | 43 |
| Robinson of Indiana | 54 | Borah of Idaho | 70 |
| Vandenberg of Michigan | 51 | Hoover of California | 61 |
| McNary of Oregon | 61 | | |

Many of these names are very long shots. The four from New York State have little chance. Bolton and Bricker of Ohio are included merely because they come from a state in which Presidential politics is a traditional talent. For trading purposes in the convention, Ohio will have a candidate to offer. In event of a deadlock, he might be the compromise.

Much depends upon what weaknesses continue to show up in the Democratic battle front. There are very fair possibilities that the Republican President-makers may reach out into the ranks of successful business men for their candidate. Thereby might rise the star of Walter Kohler, who defeated the La Follette machine in Wisconsin; or of Frank Knox of Chicago, a newspaper publisher of considerable accomplishments; or of Bernarr Macfadden, long established as a national influence through his editing and publishing of newspapers and magazines.

If agricultural relief were a Democratic weakness, Arthur Hyde of Missouri might become the candidate.

As to the real probabilities, I offer you my guess:

L. J. Dickinson of Iowa
Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey
Ex-President Herbert Clark Hoover
Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas
Bernarr Macfadden of New Jersey
Former Senator Arthur R. Robinson of Indiana
Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan.

From these seven the chances are 90 out of 100 that the Republican candidate will be chosen. Arthur Vandenberg is an erudite and vigorous member of a Senate in which both erudition and vigor are at a premium. Within the party he is definitely not popular, nor is he more so in the Senate and House. Yet the President-makers' quest is for a candidate, not a traveling companion. The most serious injury he has done himself was his favorable vote on the World Court.

A youthful-looking, amiable-faced novice is New Jersey's governor, Harold G. Hoffman—yet in ten political races he has been victorious ten times. His policies are what good Republicans gratefully characterize as "sound." He has proved himself an excellent radio personality and an extraordinarily able extemporizer. Still, because of his youth, it is being whispered that he might better be kept in reserve for 1940.

White-haired Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa is perhaps the established figure in the party upon whom all conflicting factions could most easily agree. He is a conservative—and yet, being from an agricultural section, he is close to the progressive factions which must be conciliated. He is a veteran political trouper, well versed in national affairs.

Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas is already being dramatized in the public mind as the able business man and the hardheaded economizer. With a $15,000,000 reduction in Kansas's government costs during his first two years in office, he galloped through to re-election in 1934. His considerable success in the oil business is a political asset.

Indiana's Arthur Robinson is generally regarded as too radical for the East, too conservative for the Northwest, and seriously handicapped by his defeat for re-election to the Senate.

Ex-President Hoover is still, of course, the nominal head of the party. As nominee, he would be heavily handicapped. The opposition to him springs from a feeling that he was too timid and passive in his efforts to cope with the depression, and that he is unpopular with the voters throughout the country.

Today definite and increasingly significant expressions of popular preference are coming in from representative sections of the national electorate. A notable straw vote has been polled by secret ballot in forty-seven cities, from forty-one of which, at this writing, returns have been received and compiled. Thus far these straw voters have cast for Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, nearly twice as many votes as for the second highest Republican, Herbert Hoover. The 7,614 ballots returned have proved to be divided as follows:

| Roosevelt | Macfadden | Hoover | Knox | Landon | Fish |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4,390 | 961 | 572 | 389 | 346 | 313 |
| **Vandenberg** | **Steiwer** | **Borah** | **Smith** | **Young** | **LaGuardia** |
| 186 | 164 | 91 | 57 | 18 | 12 |

Furthermore, a nation-wide poll has been conducted among Liberty's millions of readers to ascertain their attitude toward the Roosevelt administration. These voters were asked also for whom they had voted in 1932, and how many votes there were in their families. The 6,744 ballots received from fifty-four cities are divided as follows:

| Roosevelt | | | Voted for in 1932 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| For | Against | Undecided | Roosevelt | Hoover | Thomas |
| 4,912 | 1,799 | 33 | 4,343 | 1,413 | 34 |

| Number of Votes in Family | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roosevelt | Hoover | Thomas | Undecided |
| 11,482 | 5,159 | 69 | 41 |

At all events, if Chairman Fletcher can whip into fighting trim an undivided Republican Party, the rejuvenated elephant may conceivably get somewhere!

THE END

# Snowed Under

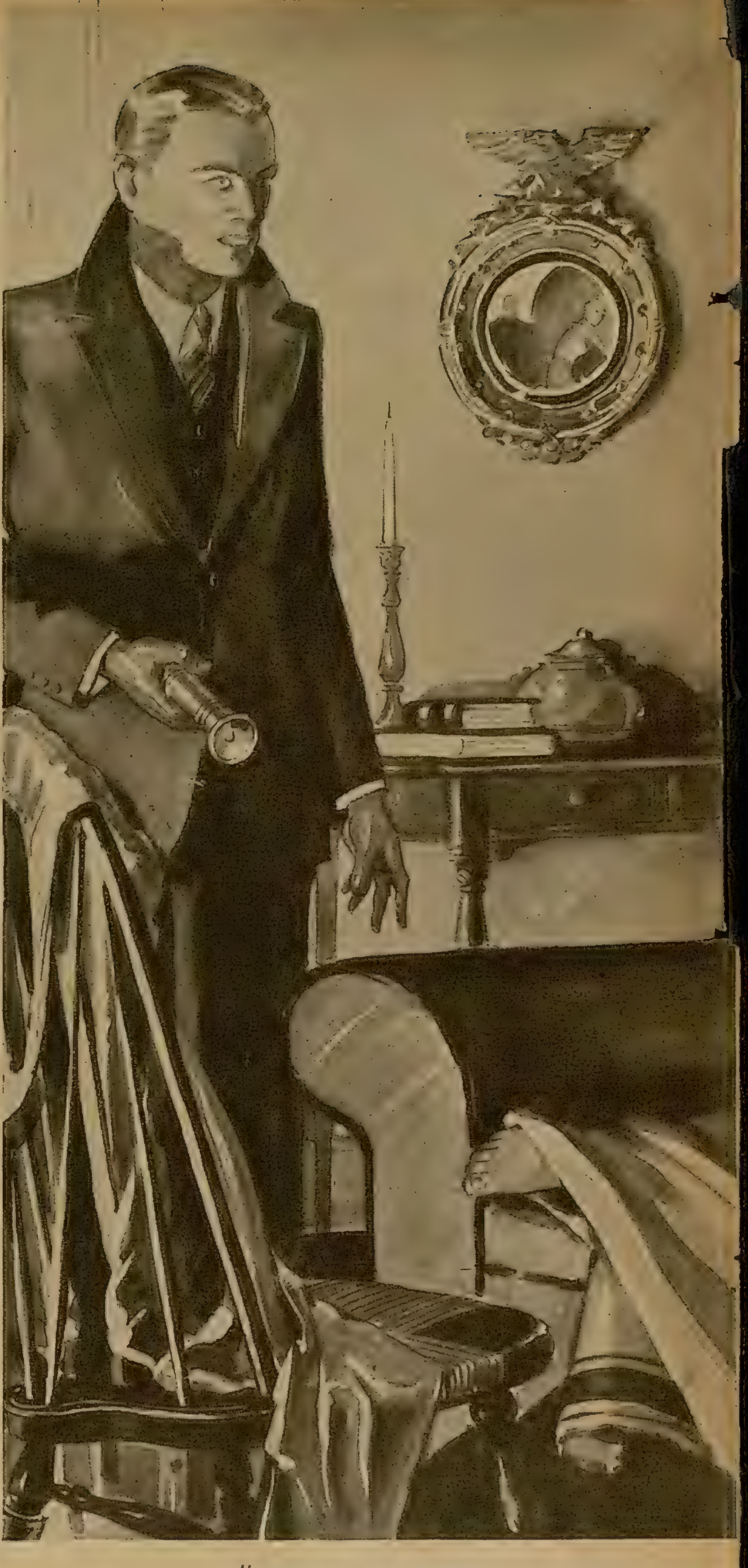
## EX-WIFE ADVISES WIFE-TO-BE!—NOW A PIQUANT SITUATION DEVELOPS IN A GAY NOVEL OF A MARITAL MERRY-GO-ROUND

by

## LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 4 SECONDS



"What's the matter?" asked Miss Quinn

IMMURED in his rural Connecticut studio, Joshua Tanner, a young playwright, has been struggling hopelessly with the third act of his latest comedy. In New York, his producer, Arthur Layton, and his backers, Mr. and Mrs. Wimpfheimer, are anxiously waiting word of successful results.

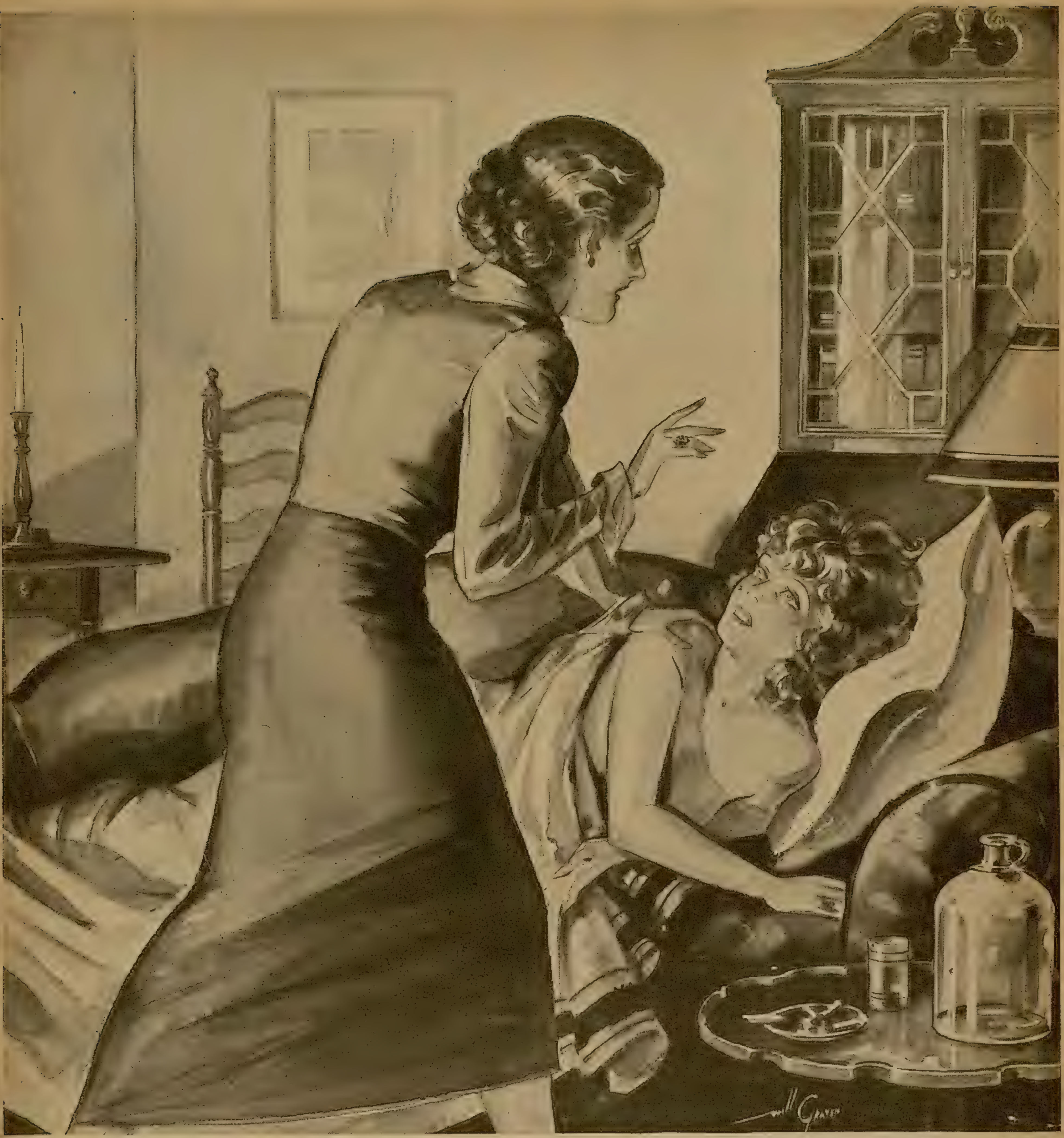
Ten days pass, with only Liza Canterbury, his semiweekly Yankee housekeeper, to encourage him. Suddenly, with the advent of a great snowstorm, Josh's first ex-wife, Alice Merritt, comes to call. Despite the fact that he has been married and divorced a second time and is seriously flirting with a seventeen-year-old girl, Becky Quinn, the distracted dramatist is overjoyed to see her.

But Alice informs him she has only come to borrow $600 to save her interior-decorator shop. Josh owes money himself, including $1,200 back alimony to Daisy Lowell, ex-wife number two, and proposes as a way out of their mutual difficulties that she collaborate with him on the baffling new play and share the profits. Alice has helped him out before.

Consenting, she urges him to go for a walk so that she can read the script and think it out. But when he goes she calls up Arthur Layton in New York, and it is evident that they are in secret league to help Tanner in his present need. However, when he returns, another caller presents himself—Orlando Rowe, a deputy sheriff, with a warrant for Mr. Tanner. Its instigator is Daisy Lowell, who wants her back alimony or jail for the debtor.

Here's a nice fix! Alice and Josh are stunned, and more so when Daisy herself, quite tipsy, and her lawyer, Robert McBride, appear on the scene. As if that were not enough, the young infatuated Becky also drops in. Playwright Tanner has his three women on his hands at once, and it looks as if the storm would maroon them all together. Becky shows a callow proprietary interest in Josh. Sweetly, Alice asks her:

"Did I understand you to say that you are engaged to Mr. Tanner?"



crossly. "It's Josh!" Alice snapped. "He's gone. Did you see him go? Did he say anything to you?"

### PART THREE—BLIZZARDS MAKE STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

MISS QUINN looked at Josh. His face betrayed exactly nothing except iron-masked fury.

"Oh, it isn't a formal engagement," she said. "I'm still in school and I won't be eighteen until next June. It's just—just an understanding."

Mr. Tanner preserved a perfect poker face. "Becky hasn't had her supper either," he said. "Shall we—eat out here? The others have had theirs. Daisy—ah, Miss Lowell—has gone to sleep on the divan and I—we—don't want to wake her until she sobers up, do we?"

One had to admire his politeness, his outward poise.

Suddenly Alice recalled that outline she had left on the worktable in the study. She hadn't finished copying it, and Josh must not see the original she had brought from New York, with the telltale notations of Arthur Layton and the Wimpfheimers on it.

"Could I have just a few minutes more in the study before I eat?" she suggested. "I was writing out some suggestions for you, Josh, and Mr. Rowe's arrival interrupted. I can finish in ten minutes."

"Becky and I will put supper on the table," Josh said evenly. "Go ahead. You mean you've already thought out a third act?"

"I'm afraid it will seem rather obvious and formula stuff, but I have. It came to me—just like that!"

Tanner sighed. "I'm afraid that's what they want. By all means, finish it."

In the living room, McBride was sitting in the wing chair at the far end of the hearth, reading a magazine and smoking a pipe. In the companion wing chair, hidden by its high back, sat the deputy sheriff, with an evening paper propped on his knee, smoking a cigar and at least pretending to read. While Miss Daisy Lowell, her hat, fur coat, and rubbers removed to disclose a powder-blue wool dress, blue shoes, and most of a pair of very shapely legs, was sprawled on her tummy on the divan, apparently sleeping like an infant, with Rowe's right hand under her pink-and-white cheek, her scarlet-tipped fingers clutching his wrist. Alice tiptoed on into the study. The noiseless typewriter would not disturb the sleeping beauty—the beast!

She sat down at the typewriter and tried to concentrate upon finishing the outline. So Josh had an understanding with this child of seventeen, his tenant's daughter; and Judge Quinn was in Cairo, Egypt, at the moment.

Suddenly an explanation for the play that she was staring at with unseeing eyes came to her. Becky had been here all last summer: Josh had written two sparkling acts about a man in love with a young girl. Becky had gone to school in September: Josh hadn't finished it. He always had to have encouragement, applause, preferably from a woman. The second-act ending and the third act were the work of a thwarted cynical disillusioned man who no longer believed in the power of love.

Perhaps Becky Quinn, even at seventeen, was just what Josh needed. He had told McBride that he had rented the house to Judge Quinn only last May, and before September he and Becky had arrived at an "understanding." Josh was unfaithful to only one woman at a time; so that proved it was Becky he was working for when he had written those two acts of Tanner tomfoolery about an essentially tragic topic: the love of two women for one man.

Fifteen minutes later she went back to the kitchen, leaving four sheets of outline instead of three, for she had expanded her ideas a bit in copying. She put everything out of her mind except the goodness of pot roast and a deep-dish blueberry pie made from berries of Liza Canterbury's own canning. Miss Quinn had a healthy appetite, wasn't ill at ease—indeed her attitude of friendly nonchalance toward Alice reflected credit on her breeding. When they had finished, Alice said:

"Josh, you'll find my outline in the study. Miss Quinn and I will wash the dishes."

JOSH went out, without a word. Becky said she'd do the dishes. What were they going to do with that Lowell woman? Put her to bed, Alice said. "I hope you don't mind sharing a room with her. Mr. McBride and Mr. Rowe will have Mr. Tanner's bedroom."

Miss Quinn was suddenly completely seventeen. "Me? In the same bed with that woman? You know both the beds upstairs are double—everything in the damned house is antique. I'm not bundling with that so-and-so."

The cat of mischief got Alice's tongue. "Darling," she drawled as she put her hand on the knob of the living-room door, "you're going to have to share your bed with strange women; you may as well begin now."

The girl flushed to the eyes; Alice felt very mean and low. But Becky only said: "I'll sleep on the divan in the living room. I suppose Mr. Rowe can carry her upstairs. Do you really think Josh can finish that play if he dictates to you all night?"

"If he doesn't," Alice said, "he can before we can get out of here. You certainly did your good deed for the day with that car."

Becky regarded her coolly. "*She* accused me of doing it deliberately, but I didn't expect you to. I had no chains on, and the wheels spun, and I gave it too much gas—and the next thing I knew I was flying through the air with the greatest of ease. I'm awfully worried about Ethel's car. If I had smashed it to junk it would take my income for two years to replace it. They're frightfully poor now, and I don't believe the insurance company would pay for the damage, because I haven't a Connecticut driver's license. I'm under age."

"Then why did she let you drive it here?"

"She didn't know I took it. I wanted to see Josh; the skis were just a story I thought up when I found this mob here."

Alice said: "You'd better telephone your hostess that you're staying here, or the state police will be looking for you."

"You forget—the phone's dead. Ethel will cover me up; her mother believes everything Ethel tells her."

To shut off further confidences, Alice left her and went into the living room.

McBRIDE was still reading and smoking; Miss Lowell was still asleep, though Rowe had withdrawn his hand from under her head and was now reading the sporting pages of the paper.

Josh was lying on the couch in the study, a water tumbler half filled with Rowe's apple brandy in one hand. He sat up as Alice came in, gathered up the four sheets of the outline from the floor.

"This is O. K.," he said. "Sure-fire, and I like your second-act curtain twist. It's pat and perfect. I'm sick and tired of it; I don't want to think about it any more—I'll just dictate it."

He set the tumbler on the corner of the table, picked up the outline, made himself comfortable on the couch, with three pillows under his head. It was just like old times; they weren't even being polite to each other now.

In two hours and a quarter the new second-act ending and curtain had been finished in four pages of script, crossed out, penciled in, written over, but ready for final copying and not to be rewritten until rehearsals. At that rate, Alice figured gloomily, they could get through forty pages of the third act in another twenty-four solid hours of argument and compromise.

Mr. Tanner relaxed sleepily, while Alice went out to the kitchen to make a pot of strong black coffee. Over her dead body would Mr. Joshua Tanner fall asleep this night!

In the living room only two people remained. McBride in the wing chair, puffing his pipe, a sulky frown on his handsome face; Miss Quinn on the divan, in an orange-and-white-checked flannel dressing gown, evidently Josh's, over wine-red silk pajamas, evidently her own. Her ski suit, damp after her fall on the brook ice, was spread across the fire screen to dry. But why were she and young McBride looking like the Furies of the Storm?

McBride got to his feet. "How is it going?" he asked.

"We've finished the second act. It'll go faster now."

Miss Quinn had sat up too, had reached for the brandy jug, and was pouring a stiff shot into a brandy-soda glass.

"I'm getting tight," she announced defiantly. "I will not be treated as a child by any pious young person in pants."

McBride was glaring at her, flushing. "Go as far as you like!" he snapped. "I've said my say."

Miss Quinn was not getting tight; she was well along already.

Alice went on into the kitchen. When she came out, after setting the electric percolator going, Becky had finished the double brandy. Evidently the two hadn't exchanged a word. Alice sat down on the hearth stool; McBride lighted her cigarette.

"He's been lecturing me for an hour," Miss Quinn complained, "ever since Orlando took the late Mrs. Tanner to bed."

"My father and her father have been associates in the American Bar Association for years," McBride said stiffly. "I met this child when she was nine, in 1924, when the Bar Association met in London. She was a leggy little twirp—"

"And you were a leggy freshman, and so full of yourself—God, what a bore you were! Anyhow I'm not a child now. I'm old enough to be engaged, and it ill behooves you—"

"Have it your own way," said McBride wearily.

"Good night, Miss Merritt. Unless there is something I can do for you, I'm going to bed."

She thanked him; there was nothing he could do, but why not wait until the coffee was ready? She didn't add that she wanted to avoid an argument, a possible scene with this tipsy child.

Becky turned to Alice. "He had the effrontery to ask me if I'd ever spent a night here before. I dared him to cable my father. He'd only be told to mind his own business. My father trusts me!"

McBride snorted, got up, started toward the stairway. "Good night, Miss Merritt," he said, bowing.

"I suppose you'll find pajamas in Mr. Tanner's room."

"Miss Quinn," said McBride pointedly, "has already laid them out for Mr. Rowe and me. The perfect hostess!" And he went up.

"Nerts," said Miss Quinn in the direction of the ceiling. She was sprawled on her back now.

"If you know where the sheets and blankets are kept, I'll make up your bed," Alice suggested.

"I DO know," Becky retorted. "They're in the window seat." She indicated the seat that ran along under the triple studio window in the north wall, between the stairway and the fireplace, its glass masked now by a wide canvas roller curtain to keep out the cold. "But knowing where things are in this house doesn't make me what that Calvinistic Scotchman thinks I am. He still believes in infant damnation."

"It's no concern of mine whether you've been here before," Alice assured her—knowing that was the surest way to find out.

"Well, if wishes were horses," Miss Quinn sighed, "you'd find mine tied outside every night, so what's the difference between the wish and the deed? It's not my fault that I haven't been. Josh is old-fashioned."

"May I make one suggestion, Miss Quinn? It is very, very juvenile to confide such things in strangers, even when you've had too much brandy. And if you're going to marry Mr. Tanner you'll have to grow up completely. He takes handling—very shrewd handling. I know you can say I failed, but perhaps I didn't care to make the effort. He has an extraordinary talent, and he can still amount to a great deal as a playwright and a writer if he's not mishandled again."

"You're telling me?" said Miss Quinn. "He's a child compared to me right now."

"But don't ever make the mistake of telling him so, or treating him so. That was my mistake. I'm almost tempted to give you the results of my four years of research in how to live with a genius."

"My father says that being the first wife of a genius is a thankless and brutal job. And being his third wife is a tremendous responsibility, I know."

"Mr. Tanner's next wife—and he

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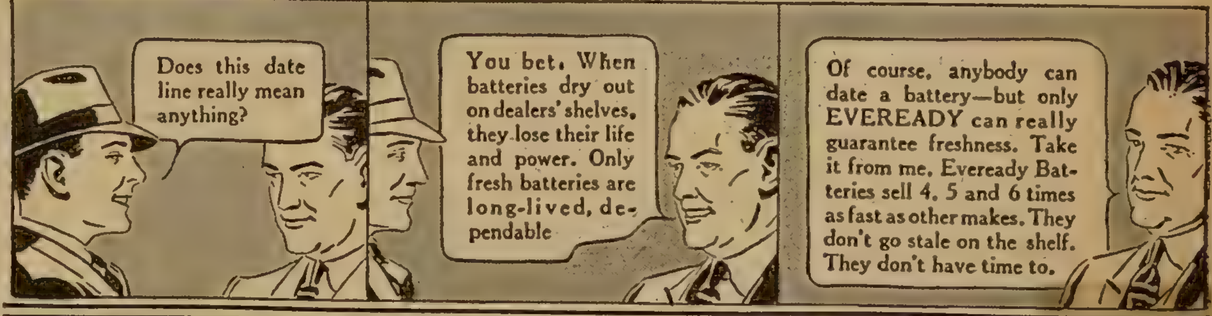

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will inevitably have a next one—is going to make him or break him," Alice said.

"That's just what my father said about him before he sailed."

"Does your father know you're going to marry Mr. Tanner?" The question had popped out.

Suddenly Miss Quinn was seventeen again, and on guard against the enemy, an elder. "I haven't discussed that with him yet," she said with quaint dignity. "But he has too much sense to try to dictate to me what I'm to do with my life. He says he has given me a healthy body, a healthy mind, and a healthy curiosity, and the rest is up to me. He's sending me to this very advanced school instead of to a woman's college, because I don't want a career; I want to marry a man and be the power behind the throne."

"Don't ever let Josh hear you say that!" Alice dropped her voice instinctively. "His mother bossed his early life, down to the color of his neckties, and he's wasted too much time and energy just trying to prove to himself that he isn't a pansy."

"I gathered that," said Becky gravely. "That's why he has to chase women all the time—to prove how male he is. The Don Juan complex is almost always based on an inferiority complex that derives from a mother fixation—a silver-cord relation, Vetter says."

"Who is Vetter?"

"Dr. Vetter. The psych teacher at school. She's a vinegary old maid who spends half her time telling us about the men we'll meet and how to outsmart them. She has a low opinion of men—naturally."

"It sounds very practical to me," said Alice.

"You're not still in love with Josh?" Becky shot at her suddenly.

"Nerts!" said Alice, and blew a smoke ring to show how nonchalant she was about it. "I wet-nursed him for four years."

Miss Quinn raised herself on one elbow. "Exactly what do you mean by that?" she demanded. Alice hesitated. "Go on," Becky challenged. "I can take it. I know it was no bed of roses."

Alice got up to get another cigarette from the silver box on the table, lighted it, went back to her seat on the stool.

"I was just out of art school when I met Josh, in 1926, and he was just a year out of Professor Baker's dramatic bakeshop. We lived in the same tenement, south of Washington Square, in the Italian quarter. He had two unproduced plays—serious problem things such as all beginners write. He was writing a comedy, to make money. He asked me to read it, because his women were wooden—he'd had very little experience with women then. And so he sold the play and we were married on the five hundred dollars option money. I had a small allowance from my family; they didn't approve of my living away from home—they're New Yorkers—and they didn't approve of my marrying Josh. That first comedy was a hit. Am I boring you?"

"I should say not!" Becky was sitting up now.

"THE story after that is rather monotonous," Alice resumed. "The first play was a fair success. The second was a hit, the third was a hit, the fourth was a hit; they all sold to the movies. He made about two hundred thousand dollars out of plays and short stories in four years. And then he met Daisy Lowell. She was in his fourth and last play, The Stardust Doll. Janet Jaynes played the title role, and Daisy was her maid and understudy. Every one knew what a hellion and shrew Janet was. She played a simple sweet ingenuous small-town girl who became the playwright's mistress; he had a bossy cocksure wife who was a successful business woman. If you're trying to psych Josh for writing that, I'll tell you that it had some basis in fact. We had bought this place, High Hollow, with the proceeds of the second hit, and Josh built this house as a studio for me. All I had to do here was to paint and make myself famous. Remodeling the farmhouse up the hill I'd got interested in colonial houses and furniture. So I turned interior decorator."

"Why?" Becky demanded.

"My suppressed ego, I suppose. I had to do something and be somebody besides just the little wife of the great Joshua Tanner. You have no idea, Becky, what a crowd of fawning sycophants flock around a clever man like Josh who is in the money—"

"Don't I?" Becky retorted. "I lived in Westport all last summer, don't forget. Did Josh really fall for that?"

"I'm afraid he did. I took him to Bermuda, I took him to France, I took him to the Isle of Pines, I took him to Mexico, just so he could get another play written. I did that for three years. Then I gave up and went in for interior decorating, and discovered that I was good—audacious and rather overpowering to the new rich. I restored houses, working with architects, and refurnished them, from Maine to Maryland. It took me away from Josh for weeks at a time. So dear Daisy moved in. He confused her, I think, with the part she was understudying—the sweet simple puritanical type—and she was a good enough actress to fool him until my best friends told me. I went to Reno without a struggle."

"Why?" Becky demanded.

"Oh, that's enough of that. The coffee must be strong as sin by now."

SHE hurried into the kitchen, jerked the plug out of the percolator. Why were her hands trembling? What a fool you were, she rebuked herself fiercely, for stripping yourself before that child! She assembled cups and saucers, sugar bowl, spoons on a tray. The door opened behind her. Becky, her face flushed, her eyes still more glassy, was clinging to the jamb, staring at her.

"One thing I want to ask you," the girl began. "If you're so bitter about him, so completely washed up with him, why did you come up here today?"

Alice backed against the sink board, gripped its cold metal behind her. Should she answer, or should she simply smile?

"Mr. Tanner was in a jam," she replied slowly. "He had two acts of a comedy, almost—he wrote those for you last summer, I believe. His third act was bitter and sour and impossible—for a play of this sort, a Tanner comedy, which was what Wimpfheimer wanted." She halted, swallowed. "You're an honorable person," she resumed. "Hold up your right hand and promise me that you won't ever reveal this to Josh."

Becky held up her right hand.

"Come in and close the door," Alice said. "It has just occurred to me that—that I got rather too vehement out there and Josh might not be asleep." Becky came in, perched herself on the tall stool, holding on to the refrigerator.

"Arthur Layton, who used to produce all of Mr. Tanner's plays, has been flat broke for two years—"

Becky nodded, said: "I know all about that. Josh wrote me."

"He was the first one who saw something in Josh. He called me in last Friday, and put it up to me. He said—whether it is true or not—that I was responsible for at least half of Josh's success, and my giving him up to Lowell was responsible for his failure since. He wanted me to come up here and pull Josh out of this slump. He's a persuasive Irishman. He cooked up a story about my needing money desperately to save my antique business from the sheriff. As a matter of fact I'm reconciled to letting it go; my business is in my head and hands, not in a shop on Madison Avenue. Anyway I came, and Josh was pathetically glad to see me. That's all. There's no sentiment about it, except the sentiment that makes me want to see him successful again. Is that clear?"

"Perf'ly," said Becky gravely. Her tongue was thick now; she tried again: "Perf'c'ly clear. If you will come here, I would like to kiss you. I guess I'm drunk—things are going woozy."

Alice took two steps toward her, saying: "You'd better go back to bed; you'll be all right in the morning—"

"I can't see anything—I'm blind!" There was terror in Becky's voice.

"Don't be silly," Alice snapped. "The lights went out. Hold on while I find that flashlight. It's on the pantry shelf."

She found it, helped Becky into the living room.

"You're a swell woman, Alice," said Becky. "You mind if I call you Alice?"

Alice crossed the room to the mahogany secretary, got the Palfrey candlesticks from the top of it, set them on the table, lighted the tall fat candles, went to the window seat for blankets. She spread up a bed on the divan swiftly. Miss Quinn, when she looked around, had taken off the flannel robe; then, startlingly, she unfastened the silk lounging pajamas, stood up, let them drop to the hearthrug, stepped out of them, caught Alice's arm, fell on to the bed.

"Where's your bag?" Alice asked.

"Bathroom."

"I'll get your nightie."

"Loaned it to the sheriff for that woman," Becky mumbled. "Don't need any. Rather sleep raw. Always sleep raw."

And yet, Alice thought, you brought a nightgown with you! She pulled back the covers, helped Miss Quinn to get in between them with no gentle hand.

A door creaked, up on the balcony. She looked up. McBride, in his shirt and trousers.

"What happened to the lights?" he asked.

"They went out," said Alice curtly. "I thought you were asleep."

"I was reading," he said. "I'll be right down." . . .

The first thing to think of was water; drain what was in the pipes into pots in the kitchen, for drinking; electric pumps stopped when the power went off. That would be a problem. They could melt snow for cooking and washing. Candles next. She found a box of them on a shelf in the tiny pantry after a search with the flashlight; there were ten tall ones in it.

It was going to be no fun typing that third act by candlelight! She went into the living room, blew out one of the two candles burning there —have to husband them. The fire gave enough light in here; she extinguished the other candle.

BECKY was dead to the world, her nose buried in a pillow. What a beautiful body that child had—all long curves. One arm and shoulder, still tanned slightly from the summer, were uncovered. She covered up the girl, with a queer mixture of solicitude and chagrin.

McBride was coming downstairs, fully dressed, on tiptoe.

"Fuse blown, do you think?" he asked.

"Maybe. But I'm afraid it's not that. The wind's high—and the telephone went out three hours ago. The only thing that worries me is not having any water."

"There's plenty of pressure upstairs," he said. "I didn't think about the pump being electric. That's awkward. I'll look at the fuses. Where are they?"

"I'll ask Josh," Alice said, and crossed to the study archway, pulling back the curtain. She made her way through the semidarkness to the couch. Josh was not on it.

"Josh!" she called out. "Josh!"

No answer. She groped on the couch. He was not on it.

"Mr. McBride, bring the flashlight. It's on the table."

The flashlight disclosed no Josh. The door of the small clothes closet in the wall of the study was open.

"Where are his boots?" Alice asked, flashing the light around the study floor.

"Upstairs in our bedroom, where he was dressing when Miss Quinn went off the bridge. Wait a minute."

HE went out to the entry door, opened it. "I locked this door," McBride said.

Despite the freezing wind, Alice was right on his heels when he opened the storm door, flashed the light down on to the snow of the stoop.

"There's your answer," he said curtly. "He had more than one pair of boots, of course."

McBride stepped out on to the stoop, down into the snow in the driveway. He sank into it halfway to his knees. He turned the beam of the powerful long-barreled focusing flashlight up the driveway toward the bridge. The shadows of bootprints stood out one by one as he moved it, until the light could no farther penetrate the whirling curtain of snow.

"Mr. Tanner," said the lawyer curtly, "has gone for another walk."

Alice turned, darted back into the house, crossed the living room.

When McBride came in, after stamping off the snow in the entry, Alice was shaking Becky Quinn awake.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Quinn crossly.

"It's Josh!" Alice snapped. "He's gone. Did you see him go? Did he say anything to you?"

Becky raised herself on her arms; blinked. McBride was coming across the room. Alice pushed the girl down, pulled the covers over her shoulders.

"Yes," said Becky; "he did. He shook me and woke me up and he said: 'I'm getting out of here. You can tell Alice to go to hell. You can both go to hell.'" She relaxed into the pillow, exhaling.

Alice shook her again.

"What's all the fuss about?" Becky demanded, trying to rise again, only to be shoved down by the angry inquisitor. "He'll come back. He heard us talking about him and he got mad."

"He'd better come back!" said the lawyer grimly. "And before the sheriff finds out he's gone. He happened to be under arrest. It won't be pretty if he doesn't come back!"

---

*But can the headstrong Josh come back, even if he wants to, in that blinding storm? It looks as if his uninvited guests would have to get up a search party. What next? Read the next issue of Liberty for what follows in this funny mix-up of people and purposes.*

"How Dodge Saves Money"

By Ralph E. Nesbit, President, Ralph E. Nesbit & Co., New York

My Dodge is giving me over 20 miles on a gallon of gas. It's using about 20% less oil.

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# LIBERTY'S A
# ALL-AMERICA F

From North, South, East, and West—A Uni

Topnotchers of 1935, Chosen by Vote o

by NORMA

WILSON—Halfback

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

GRAYSON
Fullback

WENDT
End
(At left)

THROUGH Liberty, 1,521 varsity football players from ninety-one major collegiate football squads make known their selection of the eleven outstanding players of the nation—the eleven who constitute Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1935.

Who can dispute the players' right to choose the eleven men worthy of All-America honors? They see a more accurate picture of their opponents' values than any one else does. They balance their opinions by actual experiences. They know how hard they are hit by an opposing lineman. They know when a hit is clean and well timed. They learn firsthand the offensive and defensive ability of every opponent. They see and contact the actual weaknesses. They get no such distorted view as the "grandstand quarterback" gets through his field glasses. Among them, they know the actual value of every varsity player in major competition.

Every player is a "playing judge." These 1,521 playing judges covered every important football game in the United States—more than 700 of them. Every major football player did his stuff before these playing judges every week during the season. For every player was himself a playing judge in every major contest.

Not until they had played their last games of the season did they make their selections. They filled in a specially printed form, naming the eleven foremost players, one for each position, they had competed against. They then rated their all-opponents' team on the required fundamentals for each position.

They judged and rated the tackles and guards on speed, charging ability, blocking, running interference, defensive ability, ability to diagnose opponents' plays, and aggressiveness. The fundamentals for all the other positions were judged in a like manner. They rated quarterbacks on fourteen requirements. They gave judgment on twelve essentials for a halfback and a fullback, on nine for an end, and on eight for center.

When all these forms were filled in, the 1,521 playing judges mailed them to the writer. He had no voice whatsoever in the selecting for the All-Players All-America Team. He was merely the tabulator.

It was immensely interesting to read how the playing judges weighed their intersectional opponents against the men they had met in their own sections. It was interesting also to note in the returned forms how the brilliance of a player in a given game was recorded by one set of opponents—and then was dimmed as another set charged him with a poor exhibition of football on another Saturday. Thus consistent efforts received their rewards at the hands of the playing judges.

When the 1,521 All-Players All-America forms were tabulated and recorded, Jay J. Berwanger, the University of Chicago's one-man team, proved to be the outstanding halfback of the season. Robert Wilson, Southern Methodist's concentrated dynamite, was given the other halfback position. Robert Grayson, Stanford's tower of strength, was chosen as number one fullback. Edward Goddard, the triple-threat artist from Washington State, was awarded quarterback honors; Goddard being the only member of the 1934 Liberty All-Players All-America team to win the same honor again in 1935.

For the end positions the playing judges selected the South's foremost candidate, Gaynell Tinsley of Louisiana State, and Merle Wendt of Ohio State. Edwin Widseth, Minnesota's sturdy forward, and Charles Wasicek, Colgate's powerful lineman, were given tackle berths. Princeton's John A. C. Weller and Sidney P. Wagner of Michigan State were chosen to fill the guard positions. To complete the 1935 All-

**The Fir**

| | |
|---|---|
| **End** | **Gaynell Tinsl** |
| **Tackle** | **Edwin Widset** |
| **Guard** | **John A. C. W** |
| **Center** | **Gomer Jones** |
| **Guard** | **Sidney P. Wag** |
| **Tackle** | **Charles Wasic** |
| **End** | **Merle Wendt** |
| **Halfback** | **Jay J. Berwan** |
| **Halfback** | **Robert Wilson** |
| **Fullback** | **Robert H. Gra** |
| **Quarterback** | **Edward Godda** |

WIDSETH—Tackle

WAGNER—Guard

JONES—

# LL-PLAYERS
# OOTBALL TEAM

que and Authoritative Listing of the Gridiron
f the 1,521 Leading Candidates Themselves

N L. SPER

Players All-America, Gomer Jones of Ohio State was chosen as premier center.

The players' selection of Jay Berwanger was of particular interest. Every team that had competed against him rated him tops. The returns from six teams voting gave him a fundamental percentage of 95.81. Of the 107 voting players who competed against him, a percentage of 97.35 considered him the best halfback they had played against all year. The composite percentage of fundamentals and of votes received gave him a final tally of 96.58, the highest recorded for any player on this year's team.

**st Team**

| | |
|---|---|
| y | Louisiana State |
| | Minnesota |
| eller | Princeton |
| | Ohio State |
| ner | Michigan State |
| ek | Colgate |
| | Ohio State |
| ger | Chicago |
| | Southern Methodist |
| yson | Stanford |
| rd | Washington State |

BERWANGER—Halfback

GODDARD
Quarterback

TINSLEY
End
(At right)

WASICEK—Tackle

WELLER—Guard

-Center

Berwanger's record reveals the reason why this "one-man team" registered so strongly with his opponents. He defeated Illinois single-handed. Against Ohio State, one of the Big Ten champions, this 197-pound, six-foot University of Chicago senior, whose home town is Dubuque, Iowa, ran a play from scrimmage that netted his team eighty-five yards and a touchdown. His opponents rated him over 95 per cent in every department of play. He excelled in every essential. According to the playing judges, he was the perfect halfback.

Bobby Wilson, Southern Methodist's half pint of dynamite, who was chosen for the other halfback berth, was the fastest and shiftiest player of the season. His opponents gave this 147-pound senior, who hails from Corsicana, Texas, a rating of 97.03 in speed. The other requirements lowered his average to 93.47. That, with the 92.76 voting percentage, made his final composite percentage 93.12.

Against Baylor this football bombshell carried his team to victory by returning a punt sixty-six yards, putting the ball in position where Southern Methodist could score a field goal. Within five minutes after the three points were made, he shot an eighteen-yard pass to a teammate who ran for touchdown. His sterling play in the Texas Christia game helped S. M. U. earn the championship of the Southwest Conference. He started the rally with passes an runs that beat Arkansas. Against the University o California at Los Angeles, "Dynamite" Wilson stole th show. He had a hand in every one of the twelve scheduled games that Southern Methodist won.

Great players naturally get the limelight when their teams are winning. But the great player who is a member of a team that sometimes loses is equally entitled to honor. It had never materialized in his case, howev until the All-Players All-America method of rating ball players was sponsored by Liberty as the only just deserving way to make All-America selections. I proof of that is in this year's selection of Edward G dard, Washington State's great all-around player, quarterback. Washington State lost to three schools and was tied once. Southern California beat the Cougars 20 to 10, Washington gave them a 21-to-0 lacing, Gonzag University from Spokane, Washington, beat them 6 to and St. Mary's tied them 7 to 7. Fifteen University o Washington players sent in their filled-in All-Playe forms, U. S. C. players sent thirteen, Gonzaga nineteen and St. Mary's nineteen.

In all, sixty-six players of teams that had defeated or tied Washington State were unanimous in selecting Ed Goddard as the outstanding quarterback they had played against all season. Oregon State, Idaho, and Montana were of the same opinion; only three players from their squads failed to vote for Goddard.

Riley Smith of Alabama was the South's outstandin choice for first-team quarterback. His fundamental percentage and Goddard's were about even, Goddard jus acing out Smith in number of times chosen by opponents Close behind these two were Baugh of Texas Christian, Guepe of Marquette, and Sandback of Princeton.

# All-Players All-America Second and Third and All-Sectional Teams

| THE SECOND TEAM | | | THE THIRD TEAM | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Moscrip | Stanford | End | Winika | Rutgers |
| Lutz | California | Tackle | Smith | Minnesota |
| Tangora | Northwestern | Guard | Wetsel | S. M. U. |
| Lester | Texas Chr. | Center | Gilbert | Auburn |
| Michaels | Villanova | Guard | Drobinitch | Denver |
| Patterson | Auburn | Tackle | Duvall | Loyola (L. A.) |
| Millner | Notre Dame | End | J. Brittingham | California |
| McCauley | Rice | Half | Parker | Duke |
| Simmons | Iowa | Half | Buivid | Marquette |
| Mickal | Louisiana S. | Full | Beise | Minnesota |
| Smith | Alabama | Quarter | Baugh | Texas Chr. |

## HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Roach, Texas Christian; Rose, Tennessee; Plasman, Vanderbilt; Sylvester, Rice; Hayes, Kansas; Shuler, Army; Antonini, Indiana; Geny, Vanderbilt; Lea, Princeton; Bershak, North Carolina; Leys, Virginia; McChesney, U. C. L. A.; Iverson, Idaho; Schultz, Oregon State; Erdelatz, St. Mary's; Riordan, Oregon; Swan, Utah; Hartman, Colorado State; Buck, North Carolina; Galatka, Mississippi State; Train, Yale; Kelley, Yale; Scherer, Nebraska; Barrett, Louisiana State; Mulligan, Catholic U.; Formwalt, Hampden-Sydney; Daughters, Holy Cross; Longfellow, Northwestern; Ippolito, Temple; Patanelli, Michigan; Willis, Maryland; Dubiel, Harvard; Nye, Pennsylvania; Harris, Oklahoma; King, Furman; Howell, Arkansas.

TACKLES: Golengeske, Wisconsin; Galbreath, Illinois; Peeples, Marquette; Hamrick, Ohio State; Reynolds, Stanford; Bley, Washington State; Bond, Washington; Blewett, San Francisco U.; Spain, S. M. U.; Orr, S. M. U.; Lindsey, Texas A. & M.; Stydahar, West Virginia; Durner, Duke; Bonino, Washington & Lee; Evins, North Carolina; Throgmorton, Vanderbilt; Whatley, Alabama; Wheeler, Oklahoma; McKenzie, Utah; Driskill, Colorado; Ritter, Princeton; Scobey, Lehigh; Docherty, Temple; Detzel, Pittsburgh; Sarno, Fordham; Klein, New York U.

GUARDS: Flanagan, Holy Cross; Jontos, Syracuse; Barth, Penn State; Oech, Minnesota; Rouble, Stanford; Sklar, Kansas; Gryboski, Illinois; Bale, Rice; Smartt, Texas; Hayes, Iowa State; Karcher, Ohio State; Farley, V. M. I.; Murphy, Colorado; Peterson, Utah State; Bassi, Santa Clara; Kordick, St. Mary's; Sargent, U. C. L. A.; Starcevich, Washington; White, Alabama; Gantt, Auburn; Johnson, Georgia; Fitzsimmons, Georgia Tech; Inabinet, Clemson; Minion, Maryland; Helveston, Louisiana State; Wilkinson, Minnesota; Wiatrak, Washington; McClurg, Oregon State; Voss, Purdue.

CENTERS: Ray, Dartmouth; Roberts, Utah; Sabol, North Carolina State; Herwig, California; Phelps, Kansas; Moore, Colorado; Lind, Northwestern; Krause, St. Louis; Robertshaw, Navy; Rennebohn, Minnesota; Muller, Stanford; Chavoor, U. C. L. A.; Jorgenson, St. Mary's; Francis, Alabama; Daniel, North Carolina; DeWare, Texas A. & M.; Holland, Creighton; DeArmey, Maryland.

HALFBACKS: Schmidt, Navy; Davis, Kentucky; Pickle, Mississippi State; Jackson, North Carolina; Kitchin, Wake Forest; Pilney, Notre Dame; Shakespeare, Notre Dame; Ryan, Utah State; Hicks, Wyoming; Meyer, Army; Cheshire, U. C. L. A.; Haines, Washington; Cardwell, Nebraska; Breedon, Oklahoma; Barabas, Columbia; White, Princeton; Kaulukului, Hawaii; Bacciarini, San Francisco U.; Randour, Pittsburgh; Guckeyson, Maryland; Popovich, Montana; Smith, N. Y. U.; Farrell, Muhlenberg; Armstrong, Mississippi State; Roscoe, Minnesota; Rogers, Mississippi; Lawrence, Texas Christian; Mintz, Tulane; Roy, Loyola (N. O.); Johnson, Kentucky; Fatheree, Louisiana State; Bond, Georgia; Hamilton, Stanford; Gray, Oregon State; Flaherty, Boston College; Blower, California; Fowler, California; Funk, U. C. L. A.; Cain, Washington; Schrieber, St. Mary's; Maniaci, Fordham; Heekin, Ohio State; Chase, Florida; Renzo, Temple; Lindberg, Illinois; La Noue, Nebraska.

FULLBACKS: Albanese, Syracuse; Francis, Nebraska; Nowogroski, Washington; Carideo, Notre Dame; Branstatter, Michigan State; Wagoner, Colorado; Dickerson, Virginia Poly. Inst.; Hapes, Mississippi; McAnly, Florida; Hutchins, North Carolina; Alexander, Duke; Lippe, Tennessee; Constable, Princeton; Irwin, Colgate; Propst, Southern California; Falaschi, Santa Clara; Michek, Oregon; Patrick, Pittsburgh; Crayne, Iowa; Duvall, Northwestern; Kusko, Temple; Jankowski, Wisconsin; Drake, Purdue; Kizzire, Wyoming; Handrahan, Dartmouth; Shuford, S. M. U.; Zeh, Western Reserve.

QUARTERBACKS: Art Guepe, Marquette; Leemans, George Washington; Dye, Ohio State; Lam, Colorado; Sandback, Princeton; Parker, Duke; Ayers, Kansas State; Russell, Baylor; Seidel, Minnesota; Davis, Southern California; Heap, Northwestern; Pincura, Ohio State; McCauley, Rice; Fromhart, Notre Dame; Machlowitz, N. Y. U.; Dixon, Vanderbilt; Grieve, Illinois; Rasmussen, Utah State.

## ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

| ALL-SOUTHWEST | | | ALL-ROCKY MOUNTAIN | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sylvester | Rice | End | Hartman | Colorado S. |
| Spain | S. M. U. | Tackle | Driskill | Colorado U. |
| Bale | Rice | Guard | Murphy | Colorado U. |
| Lester | Texas Chr. | Center | Roberts | Utah U. |
| Wetzel | S. M. U. | Guard | Drobinitch | Denver U. |
| Orr | S. M. U. | Tackle | Lair | Colorado S. |
| Howell | Arkansas | End | Swan | Utah U. |
| Wilson | S. M. U. | Half | Ryan | Utah S. |
| McCauley | Rice | Half | Hicks | Wyoming |
| Wallace | Rice | Full | Wagoner | Colorado U. |
| Baugh | Texas Chr. | Quarter | Lam | Colorado U. |

| ALL-EAST | | | ALL-SOUTHERN CONFERENCE | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lea | Princeton | End | Tinsley | Louisiana S. |
| Wasicek | Colgate | Tackle | Patterson | Auburn |
| Weller | Princeton | Guard | Fitzsimmons | Georgia Tech |
| Ray | Dartmouth | Center | Gilbert | Auburn |
| Michaels | Villanova | Guard | White | Alabama |
| Sarno | Fordham | Tackle | Whatley | Alabama |
| Winika | Rutgers | End | Geny | Vanderbilt |
| Meyer | Army | Half | Davis | Kentucky |
| Schmidt | Navy | Half | Pickle | Mississippi S. |
| Albanese | Syracuse | Full | Mickal | Louisiana S. |
| Sandback | Princeton | Quarter | Smith | Alabama |

| ALL-SOUTHEAST | | | ALL-MIDWEST | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bershak | N. Carolina | End | Millner | Notre Dame |
| Bonino | Wash. & Lee | Tackle | Widseth | Minnesota |
| Farley | V. M. I. | Guard | Tangora | Northwestern |
| Sabol | N. Carolina S. | Center | Jones | Ohio S. |
| Minion | Maryland | Guard | Wagner | Michigan S. |
| Durner | Duke | Tackle | Smith | Minnesota |
| Leys | Virginia | End | Wendt | Ohio S. |
| Jackson | N. Carolina | Half | Berwanger | Chicago |
| Kitchin | Wake Forest | Half | Simmons | Iowa |
| Dickerson | V. Poly. I. | Full | Beise | Minnesota |
| Parker | Duke | Quarter | Art Guepe | Marquette |

| ALL-PACIFIC COAST | | | ALL-MISSOURI VALLEY | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Moscrip | Stanford | End | Hayes | Kansas |
| Lutz | California | Tackle | Wheeler | Oklahoma |
| Starcevich | Washington | Guard | Sklar | Kansas |
| Herwig | California | Center | Phelps | Kansas |
| Bassi | Santa Clara | Guard | Hayes | Iowa S. |
| Duvall | Loyola (L. A.) | Tackle | Shirey | Nebraska |
| J. Brittingham | California | End | Scherer | Nebraska |
| Cheshire | U. C. L. A. | Half | Breedon | Oklahoma |
| Haines | Washington | Half | Cardwell | Nebraska |
| Grayson | Stanford | Full | Francis | Nebraska |
| Goddard | Washington S. | Quarter | Ayers | Kansas S. |

Last year Lund of Minnesota was chosen as All-Players All-America fullback, barely nosing out Grayson of Stanford for first-team honors. He had an exceptionally high fundamental percentage. This year Grayson, with a composite total of 93.65, tops all other fullback contenders. It was his outstanding work on offense that placed the Stanford team in position to collect points off Moscrip's educated toe.

"Bones" Hamilton, Grayson's teammate, who made the All-Players All-America last year, sustained a series of injuries that set him back in this year's running. For the few games that Hamilton played he received a majority of the ballots cast.

The Tulane and Iowa players this year helped settle the fight for All-America tackle honors. Tulane played Minnesota, Colgate, and Auburn, the schools that had the leading candidates. In Widseth and Smith, Minnesota showed off two fine tackles. In Wasicek, Colgate had a real contender. Auburn had Patterson.

Widseth and Wasicek were in the lead before Tulane's filled-in forms were received. As the result of these votes and ratings, Widseth kept in the lead while Patterson forged ahead of Wasicek by a slight margin. It was not until the Tennessee and Syracuse returns arrived that Wasicek edged Patterson off the first team. Syracuse voted en masse for the Colgate tackle, while Patterson received only a fairish fundamental and vote rating from Tennessee. Smith, the other tackle from Minnesota, was forced to the third team when Nebraska's votes were tabulated. Of the nine returns only two players considered Smith. Iowa was another team that met Minnesota and Colgate. Iowa's returns revealed that of the possible eighteen votes, Widseth received thirteen, Wasicek twelve, and Smith seven. When all the tackle votes and fundamental ratings were tabulated, Widseth and Wasicek led the field, Patterson of Auburn and Lutz of California came in for second-team honors, and Smith of Minnesota and Duvall of Loyola (Los Angeles) for third-team honors.

Lutz's percentage took a drop when the U. C. L. A. and St. Mary's returns were tabulated. Only 60 per cent of the players on the U. C. L. A. squad gave him their support. About 50 per cent of the St. Mary's players voted for the California tackle. The U. C. L. A. players gave Duvall a lower count than Lutz, but Duvall's rating jumped when the Michigan State and Texas Tech forms were summarized. These brought him up with the first six tackles of the nation.

Pronounced by all the players who had competed against him the greatest end of the year, Gaynell Tinsley of Louisiana State made the first team. Tinsley is described as the type of end Knute Rockne dreamed of but never had—a big fellow who can block a tackle single-handed, who can cover punts, catch passes, smash the enemy backfield, ride or strip the interference, and tackle hard, and who is fired with the spirit that lifts fine players to true greatness. He is considered a better end even than the famed Jerry Dalrymple. This six-foot, 185-

pound player from Homer, Louisiana, will have another year of varsity football.

Tinsley's nearest competitor was Merle Wendt of Ohio State. Illinois, Notre Dame, Indiana, and the other teams that played against the Middletown, Ohio, boy rated him far above any other end they met. Notre Dame voted him an almost unanimous choice. The players from South Bend were divided as to their other end choice; Sites of Pittsburgh, Shuler of Army, Longfellow of Northwestern, Soucek of Navy, Greene of Kansas, and Souchak of Pittsburgh shared the other fifteen votes. Thirteen of the sixteen Illinois players gave Wendt first honors. Indiana picked him thirteen times. Illinois and Indiana split their remaining votes among some eleven ends. In fundamental percentage and vote percentage he was second only to Gaynell Tinsley.

Moscrip of Stanford fell behind when U. C. L. A.'s and California's returns were recorded. Millner, Notre Dame's end, lost considerable ground when the Southern California boys gave him less than 50 per cent of their thirteen votes cast.

John A. C. Weller of Princeton, a 206-pound senior guard who measures five feet ten inches in height, and Sidney P. Wagner, Michigan State's five-foot-eleven-inch guard who tips the scales at 186, were given the first places in their positions. Both of them led a field of over 153 guards who were mentioned as potential All-Americans. Weller has been one of the sturdiest members of Princeton's outstanding team the past three years. His work in the forward wall was greatly responsible for the Nassau Tiger's great offensive thrust. On defense his work was most noticeable. Wagner earned the unanimous support of Loyola (Los Angeles) and Marquette teams. The other squads rated him above any other guard they had encountered during the season.

A nip-and-tuck battle for the center position was in progress throughout the tabulation. Lester of Texas Christian stood out well until Southern Methodist's filled-in blanks were totaled. When the S. M. U. ballots were recorded Lester dropped behind Gomer Jones of Ohio State. Jones's consistency in play, as evidenced by the returns, put him in the lead over all other center candidates. Notre Dame players considered him better than Robertshaw of Navy and Lind of Northwestern. His other opponents rated him equally well. The final composite tabulation of centers found Jones leading the field with a 91.38 percentage, followed by Lester with an 89.03, and Gilbert of Auburn with an 88.24 average.

The players of every major collegiate football team have made their selections. These eleven men have earned their places on Liberty's All-Players All-America Team for 1935.

THE END

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# GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

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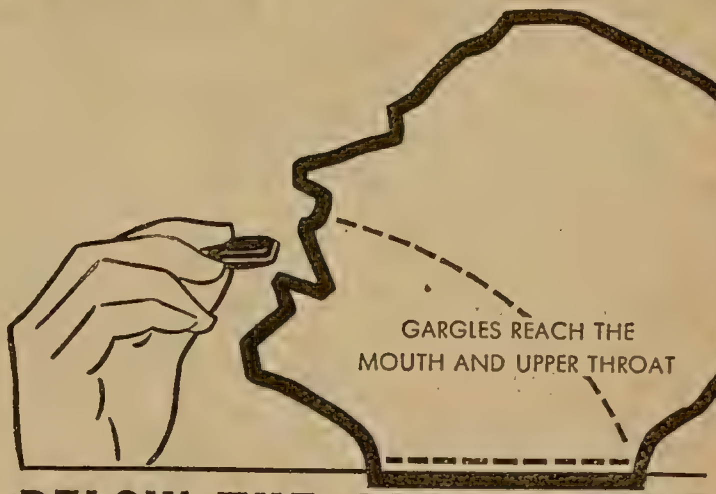
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# HE SAW THE EMDEN DIE GAME

## A Postscript to a Sea Epic—The Diary of One Who Not Only Watched but Took Pictures of What Happened

by

### ALAN ROWLAND LENTHALL

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

The accompanying article consists of a diary written by the author when he was on duty at the Cocos-Keeling Wireless Station, and is one of the few, if not the only, eyewitness accounts of the death struggle between the Sydney and the famous Emden. The manuscript was sent to Liberty by Mr. Lenthall's sister after she had read Rear Admiral Robert Witthoeft's stirring story of the Emden raids, which appeared in Liberty last August. In several places in the diary, which is reproduced in Lenthall's own words, the name of a ship is left blank. This was due to censorship, the author of the diary having died before the Armistice.

NOV. 9th, 1914. *(Monday.)* 5.15 am. [A.M.], I was aroused from sleep by Beauchamp saying there was a four funnelled warship well in the Lagoon. Out of bunk in quick time, and made a rush for the roof. Could see the fourth funnel was a dummy. Commenced to walk down for closer view but I saw an armoured launch with machine gun fixed topside, towing two galleys filled with armed men in the regulation helmets Germans wear, each galley also mounting machine guns in bows. Huge excitement meantime prevailed in Office and Wireless, all stations were advised of Emden's presence, and the distress signal was sent out from the wireless hut. Both Emden and the collier attempted to block our calls by sending against us, but unfortunately for them, as will show later on, one S O S word "warship" and our code went out O. K.

Instructions having been issued by the Supt. of no opposition in such emergencies, several others and self went to jetty and watched the Germans land. First ashore was a dapper white uniformed officer (3rd Lieut.) who rapidly formed up his men (about 20) and doubled for Office and Wireless, saluting us in passing. Within two minutes one Maxim was trained upon us from end of jetty, with three others being put together for other parts of the Island. About 50 in all landed under three officers. Men young but burly. No attempt was made to interfere with us, so returned to quarters for cigarettes.

*6.15 am.* Sentries posted in all directions, and very shortly we were all summoned and placed under arrest by Officer. As Wireless was to be dynamited, we asked to be allowed to move in front of quarters, which was done, three sentries guarding us, and another machine gun conveniently trained on us. Then the fun commenced. Explosions and crashes from the office told of devastation being effected to our delicate instruments, smashing of glass being most noticeable. In quick succession came two loud explosions from wireless, the mast swayed and down she came plonk.

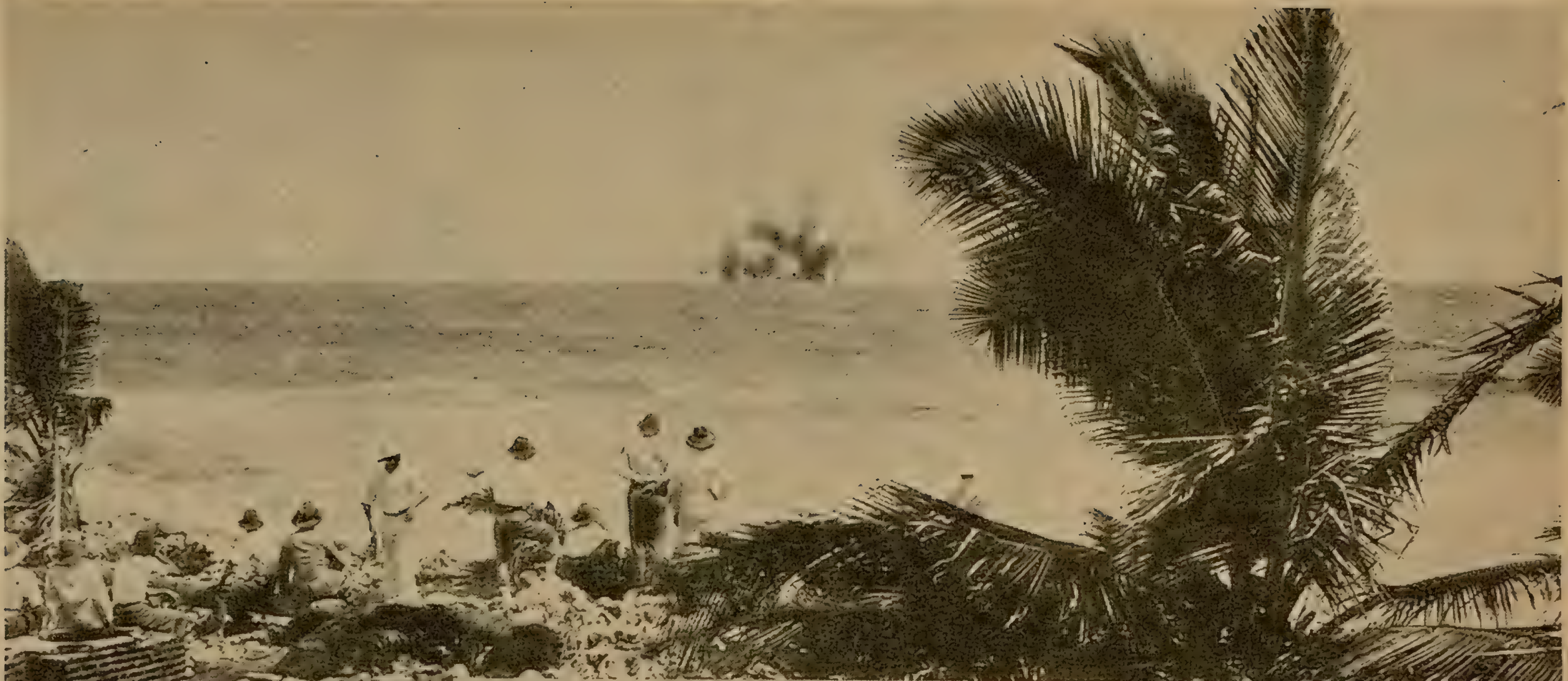
Amateur linguists all this time were airing weird languages on our sentries, who were cheerful chaps and quite kind to us. Detachments searched all rooms for papers, arms and ammunition, opening all boxes and trunks, but no looting was either allowed or done.

Very hot in the sun, so we all took shelter in shade of boat shed, which without sides permitted a good view of all operations. Smashing in office continued throughout. 1st Lieut. then proceeded to cut cables near landing point just off beach, taking long lengths out, and stowing on the launch; sounds serious, but they weren't so very clever, as after events will show. Finally at 9.45 am, Emden whistled and we were released. Went to jetty again to see them leave, wishing them luck and thanking them for their kindness.

On the way back to quarters looked [in] on No. 2 Store (Cable Gear), which had been dynamited and was burning, the cable drums emitting dead white heat, entirely destroyed. Was thinking of breakfast when another chap rushed in to say another large cruiser coming up. Broke all records getting on roof, and then went stark raving mad—'twas a British ship!! We cheered, yelled and danced, waving our hats at the Emden landing party, who were by this time just past inner buoy (1½ miles approx), and had been deserted of necessity by the Emden, which was standing out to sea.

Firing commenced at once from a distance of about six or seven miles, Emden firing first. We guessed the British boat was the Newcastle but later found it was the Sydney. Then followed the most wonderful sight I shall ever expect to see—a naval engagement, viewed from our roofs as from the Sydney Cricket Ground. Firing was almost constant and apparently shells landed in threes. Emden fired better at first, the Sydney's shots going well over or short, which was afterwards explained by the range-finding gear having been shot away in first salvo from the Emden. Dull booms, huge jets of water fifty feet or more high where shells landed, and then the Sydney obtained three shots right amidships plonk! Cheer after cheer, yells, I have no recollection of anything but a mad excitement.

The launch and galleys meantime had heard the booming of guns, and seen us cheering and waving, and very inconsiderately returned, forming into fighting order half way up the path. We ignored them until I caught the 2nd Officer signalling us to come down, so with a final



The author's photo of the fight between the Emden and Sydney, with shells bursting on former.

Germans and British watching the sea fight from the roof. The man holding the telescope is Lenthall.

look round at the fight, rapidly disappearing towards North Keeling, we had to descend. No change in the courtesy of Officers and men.

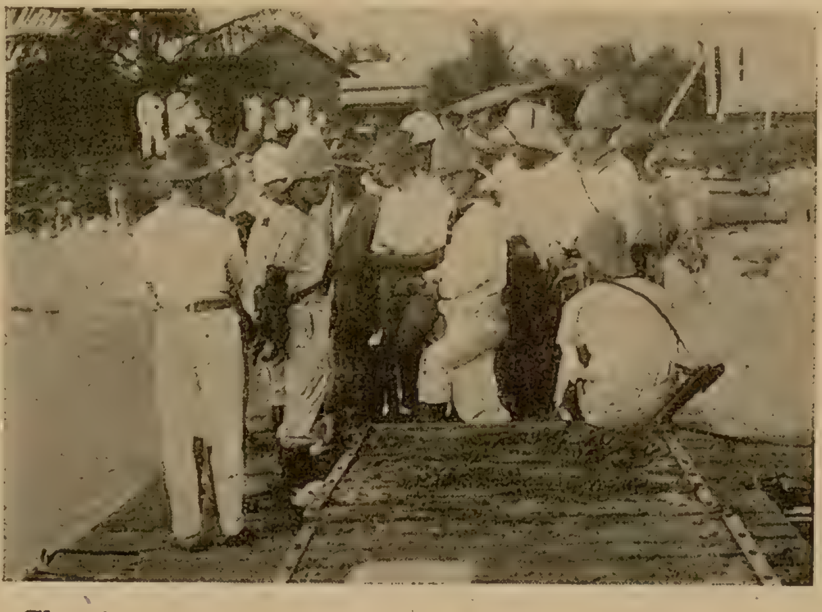
I was ordered to find all the men (29 in number) and bring them back to the boat shed.

Again sentries posted with same attention shown us from all, the Officers taking our places on the roof with our glasses.

Our few sporting rifles and ammunition were piled under the German flag placed by the Cricket pitch, and we were put under martial law.

The Germans were very downcast at being ashore and missing the fight, the 1st Lieut. especially having keen disappointment and despair. *(2.30 pm.)* Possession was taken of Ross's (Governor of Cocos Island) schooner Ayesha lying just off our jetty with view of Emden unreturned leaving in her. Only sight on roof was heavy smoke on horizon by Keeling Island. Emden had had one funnel and one mast blown away previous to our second arrest, and bulletins from the roof told of another funnel disappearing.

Look-outs reported Emden afire aft. First Lieut. then stated very sorry required stores, asked how much was in stock (4 months), and asked for two months' supply.



Chatting with the landing party just before, abandoned by the Emden, they escaped on the Ayesha.

The Supt. replied, "Certainly," and our No. 6 (food) stores was broken open, and the loading of the Ayesha commenced, strict orders being issued on no account was any looting to be done and only half of each supply to be taken. The Lieut. then asked us would we be good enough to supply clothes, so gave great heap of "Ducks" and singlets which were thankfully taken. Being free, we visited the scene of destruction, after feeding with the men (the poor chaps were glad of a square meal). Offices, wireless, engine shed workshop, carpenter's shop, in fact everything connected with office were one mass of ruins, most awful mess ever seen, and engines dynamited—totally indescribable. The ice plant and condenser were spared by request as affecting ourselves alone.

One of our guards, a decent chap, asked me to post a letter to his Mother in Germany, should the Emden not return, and this I promised to do, when the war is over, of course. He sat in my room in full fighting kit and scrawled—the touch which makes us all kin.

Adjournments were made to the roof, and we sat on the top, alternate Germans & Britishers, using each other's glasses and exchanging news as well as possible.

To continue, at 7 pm the Ayesha sailed, a final cheer from us replied to by three "hochs" from them. Their launch towed them out, and one of our skiffs was seized in addition to their galleys. The Sydney could then just be seen by North Keeling in the dusk. Dark came and no lights, electric light having been blown up, quarters very dismal, so dined early and turned in. Communication was restored by the efforts of the electrician with Rodriguez (Durban section) and Weltevreden (Singapore section) same evening within two hours but the main repairs were left till the morning.

The scenes of devastation by candle light were pathetic. Slept till 3.0 am (10th) when the excitement of the previous day came back into my thoughts and kept me awake so long, chaired on the verandah with cigarettes till dawn. 4 am, went on the roof for sight of boat, none visible, had coffee and went to do my share of the cleaning up. Worked hard until 7.30 sweeping, sorting electrical instruments, and general work with all hands and finished off as Sydney was sighted. More roofing it, and watched her come up the N.E. all guns out and cleared for action.

Anchored in Entrance and lowered two galleys of men, who rowed ashore, first boat waving a white flag, second boat stood off and piled arms while the first came to the jetty, expecting to find the Germans in occupation, and meaning to take us off previous to the fighting.

What a cheer we gave them!

First question, "Where is the Emden?" "She will never worry you any more, Sir," said one. "Hard and fast and blown to blazes on that Island over there!" Cheered like fury again. They had simply smashed the Emden to pulp, and the Sydney was practically unhurt, two small holes in sides, almost nothing else—casualties, 4 killed and 10 wounded. Against that as we discovered later the Emden had 200 killed, 40 wounded, and about 100 prisoners.

The Jacks came to the messroom in two squads, and indulged in drinks with us and talked over everything. Our distress call had been picked up by ——— and Sydney, merely the three signals, S O S—warship—code signature, and the Sydney was ordered to attend to us. The actual fight only lasted 1½ hours, but the Emden was game and fought on until every gun was destroyed. The party was only ashore one hour, returning quickly to the Sydney to relieve the wounded on Keeling. They had seen the Ayesha and thinking her to be British had not interfered, though later we heard the Officers denied that they had seen the schooner. Walked back with men to the jetty.

Our Doc. was commandeered to assist the Ship's surgeons and went off with Cardwell as assistant. The Supt. had gone aboard meanwhile in Ross's launch, and several boats sailed out to view the Ship, Chaps also going aboard.

*(11th.)* Early in the morning Sydney returned and Ross took some seven of us alongside in his launch, but as every one was busy with the wounded and prisoners we did not board. All the docs had been up and busy throughout the night, and were played out; the Emden's Doctor had assisted for a time and then given out. The Sydney left immediately for Keeling again to pick up a few remaining wounded. Came ashore and sat down to details from Cardwell and Doc Ollerhead.

The Captain of the Emden and the Kaiser's nephew, Prince something of Hohenzollern, were prisoners and unhurt, full honors of war were given them, and all Officers on coming aboard the Sydney were allowed to keep their swords. The Doc had superintended medically the removal of the wounded from the Emden and said she was an absolute shambles, hard on reef and crumbled up as if some gigantic hand had squeezed her out of shape. Dismembered limbs and dead bodies everywhere, and in corners the mass was immovable, so tightly jammed. German prisoners stated between fifty and sixty thousand sovereigns had been flung overboard as the Emden struck the reef, and Cardwell has seen the smoke as the Captain burnt a large pile of banknotes. Awful waste, what? Over 200 were killed and about 200 more were aboard our Cruiser of which 30 were badly wounded and most of the remainder slightly. Many were severely blistered by the picric acid fumes emanating from the shells which struck them. Boatloads were fetched from the Emden and the Island to the Sydney all day and dead floated on all sides.

Captain Glossop promised us frequent visits from warship until the Ayesha is accounted for, and as the Konigsberg has been bottled up in an African river by the Chatham, we should be fairly safe from further raiding excursions. There are no other German Warships in these parts. Telegrams of congratulation were sent to us from all sides including Zanzibar, Rodriguez, Singapore, Batavia, Adelaide, Perth and many others. Authorities in Singapore have sent a huge liner down to take back all prisoners and wounded men.

Whilst on duty, 14th, yells were raised of vessel close in, and going on the roof we found the ——— ———, practically alongside our Barrier, quite close enough to be dangerous. An enormous ——— liner (15,000 tons), converted into an armoured ship mounting large guns. A boat came ashore for orders and one of our chaps was rowed out in Supt.'s gig for flags, etc., remaining for lunch and bringing back telegrams. The ——— stays close by us until Wednesday, when a regular warship arrives to station herself here for both guarding and wireless purposes in the event of the Ayesha returning.

Our relief ship, the cable steamer Patrol, is due this afternoon, Sunday (15th) or tomorrow morning with new instruments and stores replacing those taken by the Germans, also our usually welcome letters.

Looking back over the events I have decided I would not have missed this week's doings for any sum whatsoever. The Emden visit, a full view of a modern naval fight with our Australian warship succeeding in doing what heaps of British Cruisers have been attempting for months, return of the Sydney and maybe a small amount of credit due to us for the wireless stunt.

Every one is fit and well and the Emden's finished.

HOORAY!

THE END

## Recipes in Rhyme

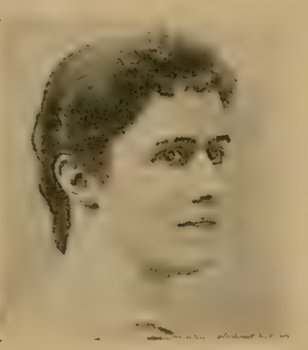
### OYSTERS

Remove them from their cozy beds of gray,
Fry them in butter, onions, caraway;
Then cover them with water. Let them boil
For twenty minutes; and without delay
Serve daintily, while piping hot, and you
Will have a dish excelling oyster stew!

*—Mrs. A. Ayres.*

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Can you identify this photo of a Virginia schoolgirl who first married a jeweler and later an ex-college president?

2—What are three rivers in Hades?

3—Extra weight is carried by a race horse for what purpose?

4—How did a young woman's petticoat aid Paul Revere in his historic ride?

5—What motion-picture actress was famed in 1909 as the Biograph Girl?

6—Which Middle Western city is famous for soap and playing cards?

7—Why is Mrs. Fannie M. Salter of Turkey Point, Maryland, renowned?

8—The Man with the Brown Derby was created by what cartoonist?

9—Who was the Sage of Danville?

10—The prime wool from how many sheep go into high-grade cloth for a man's suit?

11—A velvet cocktail contains what two ingredients?

12—The eighth of January is a legal holiday in which state?

13—What happened to the commander of the Lost Battalion, who courageously refused to surrender to the Germans?

14—Which musical instrument can have 548 parts, 53 key posts, 23 tone holes?

15—What high government office did Theodore Roosevelt hold that Franklin D. Roosevelt has not?

16—Who said, "Money is like manure, of very little use except it be spread"?

17—The Lampoon and the Punch Bowl are humorous publications of what universities?

18—What is the name of the world's three-cushion billiard champion?

19—What actor, ambitious to play Shakespeare, was forced to portray Rip van Winkle year after year?

20—Who was born in Kamenz, Saxony, lived in New York, and met defeat in New Jersey?

*(Answers will be found on page 50)*

# The Man Who Would Not Go to Sea

Liberty's Short Short

by COREY FORD

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THEY had been so sure the youngster would go to sea that they had named him Ensign. "He'll grow up and go to sea like his daddy," Captain Orion had told the neighbors proudly, "an' his gran'daddy, and all the Winters afore him."

Captain Orion Winters had sailed for China right after his son was christened. He never came back to Freehaven. He died at sea, like his father and his grandfather before him; and they set a second granite stone beside the other stone on the Winterses' plot on the hill across the harbor.

It was raining the day I saw them first, and the grass and the sea and sky were gray as a photograph in the steady slanting rain. The raindrops glistened on the granite like salt spray, and the curt inscriptions carved on the stones were as bleak as the sea: "Captain Lazarus Winters. Born Jan. 6, 1828. Died May 14," and the rest was hidden by moss. "Captain Orion Winters. Born Dec. 13, 1852. Died June 7, 1883. Lat. 23°19′, Long. 121°."

"That was the latitude and longitude of the place Orion's ship went down, near's they could figger it," Lem Small had explained, as he rowed me back across the harbor. "I never knew Cap'n Lazarus, but I knew Cap'n Orion that was his son," Lem added with a shrug, "and of course Ensign."

Lem rested his oars for a moment. He knew all there was to know about the folks in Freehaven. I knew that he would talk again when he was ready.

"Sometimes I wonder what Cap'n Orion an' old Cap'n Lazarus and the rest of them think of Ensign," Lem mused, resuming his short choppy rowing.

For Ensign had never gone to sea. It was not entirely his fault, Lem had to admit. Captain Orion had not left very much to provide for his widow and his son; and Ensign got a job when he was old enough, delivering after school for the grocery store. It paid better than working on a ship. He worked his way through school, and he worked at the grocery store nights while he was in high school. He could not afford to go to sea while his mother was living.

When he finished high school, they offered him a regular job working in the store. In a few years he had saved enough money to buy a part interest. He bought the rest of the business when the owner died. His mother died when he was thirty-five; but you do not ship to sea at thirty-five. He was by that time a tall and silent man, paunchy and a little bald, and wore rubbers when it rained.

"Ain't even had his feet wet in ten years," Lem Small complained, yanking grimly on his oars. "Why, I've wrung more salt water out o' my mittens than he ever sailed over."

Now Ensign Winters was in his early fifties, as dull and familiar to the town as the schoolhouse bell. They had sent him twice to the State Legislature, and he had been selectman for twelve successive years. I came to know him fairly well that summer. He was always courteous, always obliging; but there seemed always to be a shadow hovering behind his smile. The people in town respected him; but he never really belonged to them. He never married, for instance.

"People around here got sort of set ideas," Lem Small explained. "They sort of feel that Ensign let his folks down, not goin' to sea. All the Winters were seagoing folks before him, and people around here can't forget that. They sort of think he ain't up to the rest of the Winters."

With something of a shock the following summer, I saw the third stone beside the other two stones on the hill. "Ensign Winters," it said. "Born Feb. 6, 1883. Died Apr. 13, 1935. Lat. 42°8′, Long. 71°."

I asked Lem Small about the inscription on the stone. He filled his pipe deliberately, and lit the tobacco, and tamped the live coal with the horny ball of a thumb. "Seems Ensign was a Winters," he nodded, and puffed his pipe and rowed in silence.

I sat back in the dinghy and waited.

"Mebbe you mind how we had a late spring," he began at last, working the oars steadily. "Well, it seems along about April it come off warm all of a sudden, and that snow back in the hills let go all to oncet. Farms was flooded up an' down the valley, and roads washed out. That little creek they call Rome Creek that flows through town, she begun to flood over her banks, and she was risin' every hour. We had men posted all along the banks watching it day and night.

"I mind that particular night I hadn't much more than turned in when the school bell begun to ring. The water was up to the flooring of the covered bridge in the center of town, and it was a case of every man turn to if they wanted to save it. I run down to the bank of the river. Ensign was head selectman, and he was kind of takin' charge. You could hear his voice ringing out. It didn't sound like his own voice, so much as somebody else's I kep' tryin' to place. He was givin' orders, and people was doin' what he told 'em.

"We all see it was hopeless to try to save the bridge, but Ensign he went right ahead. Seems he figgered if they could hitch a couple of ropes and cables around the center supports, they might snub it around to the bank, when it gave, and it wouldn't do so much harm. Least, that's what he figgered, I guess.

"The water was up over the floor boards by that time, and you could hear the timbers spreadin' and splittin'. Ensign didn't pay no attention to the sound of 'em. He was working his way out toward the center of the bridge, all alone, holding to the end of a rope. That was the last we see. The bridge gave just then.

"I heard him shout just once, above the crash, as she went under. That's when I reco'nized that voice. I hadn't heard it for fifty-two years, but I could reco'nize Orion's voice all over again. I could just barely make out what he yelled. 'Goin' to sea at last!'"

Lem knocked out his pipe.

"That stone we set up on the hill! That's the latitude and longitude of this town, near's we could figger it. Reckon it's near enough to satisfy Cap'n Orion an' Cap'n Lazarus and the rest of them."

THE END

# WHAT WOULD YOUR VERDICT HAVE BEEN?

Edith Maxwell.

## A Girl, an Irate Father, and Sudden Death in the Night . . . Here's the Story Behind the Story; Judge for Yourself

by

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT seemed strange, and a bit ridiculous, to think of the Dotsons as heroic and romantic beings.

The Dotsons looked and behaved the same as other mountain men. Yet Edith had her mother's word for it that they were the aristocrats. And she knew that it was so. There were no more independent men anywhere in Virginia. They had lived in Virginia as a noted clan more than three hundred years. They had served with Washington. They had served in every other army raised in the commonwealth. They made fine soldiers. And one of them, Fate Dotson, had been a lawyer, a justice of the peace, a banker, an adviser to all the mountain people, and the richest man in the state—until the Civil War ruined him.

The Dotsons are still poor, and still aristocrats.

Edith was a Maxwell, but she was old Fate Dotson's great-grandchild.

The Maxwells were all right. They worked hard. They were likable people, most of them. They never owned or operated stills. The only thing they did with whisky was drink it. They were all good drinking men, and Trigg Maxwell, Edith's pappy, was as good as the best.

He was a powerful man, Trigg Maxwell, a blacksmith, a bit of a politician. Everybody who knew him liked him. He was always laughing, telling stories, drinking and buying drinks—except when he was home.

The Maxwells were as good as any, but they'd never stood out in the community as the Dotsons had. The Dotsons had something other families never had. In the vernacular of the mountains, "they war hell on eddication." They were thinking men, forward-looking, dominant.

Trigg's kinfolk didn't like it any too well when they heard he had married a Dotson. There was bound to be trouble, they said. She'd be ambitious, always wanting to be better than other folks.

And they were right. The Dotson blood showed immediately after her first child was born. She'd go into town and buy that baby the most outlandish things, pay good money for them too.

Most mountain women will buy only what they need. Anne Maxwell wasn't like them. It might be a doll she'd buy, or a pretty ribbon or a bright toy, though usually it was a picture book or a "reading book," or a slate.

And always, whenever she went on a shopping trip, there was a relative of her husband to marvel at her sinful waste of money, and to caution her severely.

"Yo' shouldn't have bought that, Anne. Hit war a crazy thing to spend po' Trigg's money on that thar. Yo' child don't need hit. The Lord'll punish yo'."

The more they criticized her, the more "sot" she became in her ways. Her children, she explained, were going to have an education—not just be taught to read and write and cipher. They were going to be somebody when they grew up—and meanwhile she wanted them to appreciate nice things.

Edith might never have killed her father had the Maxwells let well enough alone. They not only "plagued" Anne Dotson Maxwell, but all her children. They'd waylay Earl or Edith coming home from the store, stick their noses into whatever bags or bundles they were carrying, and make withering comment—always the same.

"Yo' ma's a fool. Hain't yo' grocery bill high enough without her abuying fruit? Fruit! Hog back hain't good enough for yo', seems like. Mought be yo' ma's rich--aspendin' po' Trigg's money on trifles."

Edith often speculated about the women of her family. There were no stories about them; women don't count for much in the mountains. They worked. They married young, had many children, grew old quickly, and lived to great ages. They were slaves, scarcely higher in importance to any one, themselves included, than the work animals on their farms.

Edith often wondered if she'd become one of these gaunt, ugly, worked-out, joyless women, learn to walk behind her husband as his dog did, dwell in grime and ignorance, and forget there was a world where a woman's life could be glorious and free.

She often wondered about that world beyond the mountains. Many of the Dotsons had visited it, and had come back relating marvels. Some day she would see it.

Six or seven years ago Trigg Maxwell moved his family down from their mountain farm into a three-room house in Pound. It was bigger than any of the mountain shacks, and better in many ways.

How the Maxwell kin talked about that house! And

Edith's brother Earl. At risk of his life he befriended her.

In this house, "better than mountain shacks," Trigg Maxwell met his death.

Mrs. Maxwell. Tragedy came of her ambitions for Edith.

Keystone View photos

how they talked when Anne bought her first silk stockings and her first pair of thin-soled high-heeled shoes!

But it was nothing to the talk that followed when she sent Earl to State Teachers College at Radford, Virginia. All the time they had accused her of squandering Trigg's money she had been saving it! And now she was throwing it away on education!

Trigg had done his darnedest with Earl, trying to whip some sense into him. But the more he beat him, the stubborner the boy became. Trigg had bad luck with all his children. No matter how many times he took a club to them, he couldn't seem to change them.

Earl went to Radford, his mother's first big gesture of triumph over her husband's folks. But he didn't stay there. He wanted to see the cities he'd read about.

Then it was Edith's turn. Edith was going to be a teacher. Now let the Maxwells shout!

Edith's people had lived in the United States since the early 1600s, yet she felt like an alien seeing the country for the first time. There were so many things she hadn't even dreamed of. There was a freedom here at Radford that bewildered her.

The girls came and went as they pleased. They went to dances in swift cars. They came home in the dawn, disheveled, carefree, happy. And no mothers scolded them; no fathers beat them.

Every day brought new wonders, new ideas.

But Edith couldn't lift the mountains from her heart. Blood of the Dotsons, blood of the Maxwells. One thing ran pure in both—the love of home. Go home she must, some day—but first she wanted to see more of this new world. She wanted to see those cities Earl had written about. She wanted most of all to see New York. New York! If she could only be a nurse and live there!

SHE struggled to make herself over, to be more like those girls she so admired. But she could never quite do it. There were so many things to overcome—her mountain talk, her heritage of prejudices, her innate timidity.

The years went by. Her college days were done. She was still a mountain girl in the settlements, still a stranger in a strange land.

She came home. Her duty lay in the mountains. She had been educated to be a teacher. A teacher she must be.

It was good to get back, Edith thought at first. It was good to have a job, good to impart to barefoot boys and girls some of the wonders she had absorbed.

But that feeling soon wore off. She was as much an outlander here, now, as she had been among the girls in Radford.

Her mother and her two little sisters were proud of her—but they were shy with her.

Her father was shocked at her manners, her freedom of speech, her rebellious attitude, her heretical ideas of what a girl could do.

His people despised and hated her. "Uppity as a hog on ice, she air," they said. "Thinks she's better'n other folks. Walks right up to boys on the street, like a common woman. And acontradictin' her elders, and even asassin' her own pappy, and him drunk!"

She was bad, they said, shameless, and the Lord would find her out and humble her. They were not surprised when their prediction of disaster came true.

Pound is little more than a crossroads. It has a mill, a filling station, a few stores, a few weather-beaten shacks, and a number of blind pigs where bootleg moonshine is dispensed. There aren't any playgrounds, of course. There are no theaters nearer than Norton, some seventeen miles away. There's nothing for a girl to do after sundown except stay home or go out with a boy in an automobile.

EDITH was twenty-one. She was earning her own living. She could not bear to stay at home night after night. She had no young men callers. She encouraged none. She felt she had to go to a dance or a movie or for only an auto ride, every now and then, or give up her fight for independence and perhaps go crazy.

Trigg Maxwell whipped her several times for staying out late and swore he'd break her of going with every boy who came along in a car. Edith defied him.

One July night she went riding with one of her many cousins. They stopped in a roadhouse. The boy had a few drinks. Edith had ginger ale and a sandwich and a few potato chips. They started home. The car broke down. It took some time to fix it. It was after one o'clock in the morning when Edith arrived at home.

Trigg was home and he was drunk. He'd been talking about "gettin' him a club and breaking Edith's damn neck." He was asleep and he had Edith's bedcovers.

Edith's little sister warned her not to wake the old man; but Edith had to have her bedclothes. She tiptoed into her father's room.

Anne Maxwell and little Mary Catherine were awake. They heard a scuffle. They heard Edith cry out, "Don't stab me, papa! Put down that butcher knife!" They heard Trigg swear. They heard something like a chair falling over. They heard Edith saying, "You can whip me when you're sober, papa, but not when you're drunk."

They saw Edith come running out. The clothes had been torn off her. Her hair was disheveled. She ran screaming into the street, then came back hurriedly, for neighbors were running out to see what all the noise might mean.

Trigg came into the living room. He was bleeding from cuts on his head.

"Hit's hell," he said, "when a man cain't whup his own child. Hit's plumb hell."

Edith, weeping, put on her nightclothes and went to bed. Her father reeled into the kitchen, wiped the blood

"I wouldn't dream of giving children a harsh 'all-at-once' cathartic"

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off his face and forehead, and went back to his room. They could hear him groaning for a long time, could hear him saying, "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!" They heard him get up after a time and go out to the kitchen. He fell against a meat block. He lay ominously still.

Mrs. Maxwell bent over him. She couldn't feel his heart. He didn't seem to be breathing. She sent Mary Catherine running for the doctor. Trigg was dead when the doctor came.

Some of Trigg Maxwell's kin were among the police who came to the house a few hours later and placed Anne and Edith under arrest. They took away with them an electric iron that had some red spots on it. "That's what she kilt him with," they said. "Look! That's Trigg's blood on hit. Edith kilt him, and her ma helped her."

"No, no!" Edith cried. "I didn't mean to kill him. I fell over a rocking chair and picked up a slipper. He was beating me. He had hold of my hair with one hand. The other was gripping my shoulder. I hit him with the heel of the slipper."

They laughed at her—hitting a man like Trigg with a slipper, hitting him hard enough to kill him.

"Yo' never had no use fo' yo' pappy," they said. "Yo' always wanted fo' to kill him. Now yo' done hit."

Earl Maxwell was in New York when he heard his father was dead. He sent a wire to his mother, saying he would come home as fast as he could.

Everybody in the mountains knew that Earl was coming. Everybody knew why he was coming. He was going to kill his sister, to avenge his pappy. Wasn't anything else a mountain boy could do, was there? Of course not.

THERE was a great crowd around the old brick jail when Earl arrived. They stood around the door, impatient as hogs at feeding time, pushing, jostling.

Jailer Jim Dotson greeted him: "Hello, Earl."

"Hello, Uncle Jim."

"Come to see Edith?"

"Edith and ma."

"Yo' ma's been bonded out already. She's home. Edith's here."

"I must see her."

Dotson let him in. Edith was in a corridor of the jail. Friends of her father were about her, and her father's kin. She saw Earl. He was running toward her. She screamed and ran away. He followed.

Nobody interfered. Everybody waited to see the flash of a knife or to hear the sound of a shot.

Edith, trapped by the end of the corridor, put her back to the wall and thrust out her hands.

"Don't come near me!" she screamed. "You're going to kill me!"

Earl stared at her, his face contorted with emotions.

"You poor kid," he said. "They told you that? I haven't come to kill you, Edie. I came to help you. I guess I'm the only friend you got in the world."

The next moment she was crying in his arms.

The Maxwells wouldn't look at Earl when he came out. He had lost caste. He had proved himself an outlander, like his sister. It was a shame and a disgrace.

Earl went to the sheriff.

"I want to take Edie to her father's funeral," he said.

Sheriff Adams shook his head dubiously.

"There'd be a row," he said.

"I'll talk to everybody," Earl said. "I'll get them all to let her come."

He went to see his mother and his little sisters.

"Can Edie come home for the funeral?" he asked.

"Yes," they said. "We want her. She loved him when he was sober. Bring her here."

HE asked his cousins and his uncles and his aunts, all those who had badgered him and his sisters ever since he could remember. None voiced any objections.

The sheriff brought the girl home in a car. The little house was filled with mourners and there was an overflow out on the road.

One of Edith's aunts saw her getting out of the car.

"She's come to laugh at her pappy," she cried, "and spit in his face, like she said she would!"

"Lynch her!" another aunt screamed. "Lynch her!"

Tall men in overalls and high-top muddy boots and slouch hats took menacing steps forward. The sheriff drew his gun and stepped in front of Edith.

"I'll shoot the first man lays a hand on her."

They knew he meant it. They stepped back. Earl came out. The sheriff looked at him reproachfully.

"Thought you told me all your kin was agreeable."

"They told me so," said Earl. "I'm sorry. Take her back to the jail, where she'll be safe."

Later, after the funeral, two men approached him.

"Look out fo' some of yo' uncles, Earl," they said. "They air agoin' to kill yo' fo' sticking up fo' Edie an' bringing her hyeh. Git yo'self a gun and watch out."

I talked with Earl after the trial of his sister.

"Yes," he said, "I heard some of my father's kin meant to kill me. I'm not afraid. But I am afraid for Edith. I could have bonded her out, but they'd have killed her, sure."

"Was it really Edith's aunt that cried 'Lynch her'?"

"It was. And her own son, my cousin, is in jail for murder. He was going with one of the Mullins girls, and he didn't want to marry her, so he got a double-barrel shotgun and blew her in two—her and the baby she was carrying. Nobody tried to lynch him. He got twenty-five years—the same penalty Edith got."

Shortly before the trial, Earl said, one of the commonwealth attorneys showed him the electric iron. "That's what's going to convict your sister," he said. "That's what she hit him with. It wasn't a slipper."

"If you think that's blood," Earl said, "put it in evidence. But I'd advise you to send it to a laboratory first. Otherwise you might get laughed out of court."

The iron wasn't introduced in evidence. The stains weren't blood. They'd been made by the dye in the linoleum where the iron had rested.

It was definitely established at the trial that Edith had used nothing but her slipper. The heel of the slipper fitted the indentations in Trigg Maxwell's scalp. The skull hadn't been fractured. That outland slipper had merely cut the scalp and a blood clot had formed. It was the blood clot that killed him—that, and perhaps the heeltaps of moonshine he'd drunk.

The trial lasted two days, and only a few were surprised when Edith was found guilty and sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

They've been fighting about that verdict ever since in Wise, in Pound, and in the mountains. Some maintain the penalty is too severe. They recall that two other women were recently tried in the same courtroom, charged with killing their husbands, and that both got off scot-free.

"Forty years would be more like hit," others say. "If ever thar was a cold-blooded murder, that was hit."

THEY are still arguing about the witnesses, and fighting as to which ones lied and which told the truth. There's never been a feud in Wise County. But one may develop from the trial of Edith Maxwell.

Two attorneys, A. A. Skeen and R. P. Bruce, are doing everything in their power to obtain a new trial for Edith. The court in Wise denied one in December, but granted a sixty-day suspension of sentence; her attorneys had said that if necessary they would carry the case to the state Supreme Court. Meantime men and women all over the United States are writing her letters, offering sympathy, advice, money, jobs—if she is freed.

The attorneys are also preparing a defense for Anne Maxwell, charged with complicity in the murder of her husband. Her trial is set for next March. Feeling against her is even more bitter than against her daughter. It is freely predicted that she will "git the limit."

But Anne isn't afraid.

"They'll never try me," she says, "and they'll never keep Edith in jail. The jury that convicted her was blind with prejudice."

They may put Anne in jail, nevertheless. But whether they do or not, she'll still find ways and means of sending her other children out into the world as she sent Earl and Edith. The Dotsons won't be downed.

THE END

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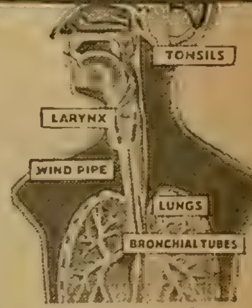

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# Vox Pop

## Charges Against President Roosevelt

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Those splendid patriotic editorials appearing almost weekly in Liberty should be appreciated by all upstanding American citizens. The one of August 3 recommending the replacing of the dole was especially fine. Its logic must be conceded by all fair-minded readers and I heartily agree with Mr. Macfadden except in one paragraph which states: "It is doubtless fortunate we have a President who is willing to experiment and who is first, last, and all the time desirous of looking after the forgotten man."

I unhesitatingly concede his reckless and unnecessary experimentation with other people's money, but I deny there is any such thing as a "forgotten man." The term itself is without rhyme or reason except as a meaningless political catch phrase with sentimental implications—just as the wanton squandering of billions upon billions of hard-earned tax dollars has been more destructive than helpful, contributing, even as Mr. Macfadden suggests, to the delinquencies of many without making any headway toward re-employment, which is the only means of curing the depression.

These observations, together with others that I have in mind, can be boiled down to the following brief articles representing my personal charges upon which to base proceedings for the impeachment of Franklin D. Roosevelt, looking toward his removal from the high office of President of the United States. This will do him no harm and it relieves my mind.

So, in the language of Edmund Burke, I accuse Franklin D. Roosevelt of high crimes and misdemeanors and *impeach him on the following charges:*

1. I impeach him in the name of the Democratic platform upon which he was elected, whose ancient and traditional honor he has sullied by the substitution of Socialism for Jeffersonian Democracy.
2. I impeach him in the name of his personal campaign promises, all of which he has repudiated, ignored, violated, and reversed.
3. I impeach him in the name of the Constitution of these United States, whose strength he seeks to emasculate and whose sacred provisions he is attempting to nullify.
4. I impeach him in the name of the Supreme Court, whose power he aspires to destroy and whose dignity he has insulted by "horse-and-buggy" comparisons and other peevish generalities.
5. I impeach him in the name of the National Treasury, whose resources he has ravished for the apparent prostitution of the American voter.
6. I impeach him in the name of oncoming generations, whose heritage he has wantonly destroyed by bequeathing to them a national insolvency which cannot be cured except by ultimate repudiation.
7. I impeach him in the name of the American people, whose liberties he has violated and whose rights he has trampled under foot by compulsory alphabetical regimentation.
8. And finally—I impeach him in the name of the Federation of States, whose majesty he has offended and whose safety he has greatly impaired.—*Joe W. Smith.*

### BASEBALL STUFF IN A BATTLE FOR LIFE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Dean brothers are not the only good baseball men to come from Oklahoma. My old buddy, Don L. Pitts, hails from Perry, Oklahoma. He was our star pitcher on the team my outfit had in France.

One day up in the lines we were ordered to make a few short raids on the enemy trenches. We had gotten about halfway across no man's land when the enemy decided to come over and meet us. A short and fierce fight ensued. It was during a moment's lull in the skirmish that I saw Don for the first time since the scrap started. He was standing empty-handed some distance from me, watching three of the enemy advancing rapidly toward him, doubtless bent on taking him prisoner, since they didn't open fire on him. Don had lost his gun somehow. I couldn't help him because I had a machine gun and the operating orders were not to fire the piece unless at least a group of fifteen presented themselves as a target.

Nearer and nearer the three men raced toward the stalwart and motionless Corporal Pitts. I wondered why the big dodo didn't break and run for the trenches some fifty yards to his rear.

Then I saw him stoop over and pick up a stone about the size of a hen's egg. He very deliberately spat on the rock, took his favorite stance as a pitcher, wound up, and let the rock go. The nearest of the three Germans was about twenty feet from him at the time. Straight and true the missile sped squarely across the plate—if a broad German nose can fairly be termed a plate.

The German halted suddenly, his knees buckled under him, and with outstretched arms he pitched forward on his face. His rifle fell at Don's feet. Don picked it up. He drew the gun to his shoulder coolly and fired. A German bullet crashed through the visor of another German's helmet.

By this time the third German was almost upon Don. He didn't have time to reload. So he side-stepped gracefully and, with the rifle grasped as he would hold a ball bat, he swung on the racing enemy in a manner that would make Babe Ruth envious. Don then threw the gun away like he would have heaved a bat, and broke into a sprint for the safety of our trench.

By way of adding the *n*th degree of the baseball touch to his little drama, Don left the ground about ten paces from the trench and slid feet first into the trench in a way that would have been a credit to old Tyrus Raymond Cobb.—*Dan Edwards.*

[Come on, you vets! Write Vox Pop some of your thrilling or goofy experiences. Here's your big chance to swap yarns.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

### VIRTUOUS THUMB TWIDDLERS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why do you folks continue to publish old-fashioned stories? According to your writers, the honest upright young man always wins the girl, the game, or the job. They would have us believe that love and virtue are always triumphant.

Any wide-awake person knows that honesty, truth, justice, love, or virtue rarely, if ever, win out, and none of these have a thing to do with success.

The honest persons whom I know are drab lifeless individuals who in their most brilliant moments are, at best, a pain in the neck. All the virtuous girls I know are still sitting at home twiddling their thumbs while life passes them by.

Let's be frank and up-to-date with our stories. The Black Crook and The Old Homestead are funny today, and the unwitting clowns are the lovelorn, the honest, and the virtuous. They would be still funnier if they weren't so tiresome.

"Honesty is the best policy" looked very nice in the old copybooks—but who the heck ever looks at a copybook these days?—*Miss Hi-de-Ho.*

### SOILED LADY . . . GILDED

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO—I sincerely object to the spoiling of a fine character by Mr. Pollock in his story Tinsel Lady, which began in November 2 Liberty.

He creates a beautiful, talented, and interesting girl as a heroine, then turns her into a cheap and disappointing woman before our eyes. I don't object to reading stories of "gilded ladies," but I don't like to be present during the process of "gilding." If my ladies are going to be soiled, I prefer that they be soiled before I start reading about them. —*J. P. Cooper.*

### CHILDREN WITH GLASS EYES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There's a limit to everything; so it is to "truth is stranger than fiction." What do these six shining stars who wrote The President's Mystery Story think of us mortals? Are we so mentally devoid that they could weave such a fantastic story around the President's plot?

My patience began boiling with that ventriloquist stuff, and whined vehemently at the sight of Dr. Grimshaw and his face-lifting paraphernalia. I couldn't figure out why Blake wanted to leave a few dollars—pardon me, I mean to say two million—to a wife who deliberately planned to murder him and whom he no longer loved. Then my patience, at Dr. Grimshaw's little invention to stick "shatterproof glass" in poor Jim's eyes, let go with a bang, and poor Liberty flew all around the room.

That's up to the third issue, and God help us if we live to read the rest of the story and see that Blake married Charlotte and had a flock of little children with glass eyes!—*A Taxi Driver.*

[Invisible glass eyes covering the actual eye are not a fanciful invention of this author, but are in practical use in the United States today. They are small cuplike contrivances that fit under the lids and are quite invisible. They are used instead of ordinary eyeglasses in cases where extremely delicate adjustment of lenses must be made for very weak eyes. In some cases eyes which have grown so weak they have only three per cent vision are restored to one hundred per cent vision by these devices. The only invention of this author was to add a coloring to the glasses so that they would change or modify the coloring of the eyes.—*Anthony Abbot.*]

### LET VOXERS POP!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I get an awful wallop out of reading Vox Pop, but think it is just too bad that a progressive magazine like Liberty had to adopt such an old chestnut as the title of such a live and lively department. It is about as original as Pro Bono Publico. Why not a contest, with three or four million dollars in prizes, to get a name for this department that is bright, original, snappy?—*H. H. Anderson.*

### "GOD HELP THE CONSUMER!"

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—We want to say Amen to Mr. Macfadden's editorial of November 30, May God Help the Consumer! as this is a subject that has been overlooked by most editorial writers.—*C. O. D.*

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Mr. Macfadden presumably would cut out the "damned middlemen," of whom there are a couple of million or so in the United States, all paying high taxes to the government.

Will Mr. Macfadden please explain:

1. What will he do with these middlemen? Put them on the dole too?

2. Farmers do not pay taxes when selling co-operatively, so who will pay the taxes?

3. Is there any better reason why middlemen handling farm products should be ousted than middlemen handling shoes or hardware?

4. And, after all, if the farmers really organize a selling business in a big way—big enough to do what the middlemen are now doing—they will have to employ many people to carry on such a business, and they can no more afford to work without compensation than can the *present* middlemen; in fact, eventually they will make considerably more than the half-starved middlemen have been making.

So what advantage will accrue to the consumer?—*Mid L. Man.*

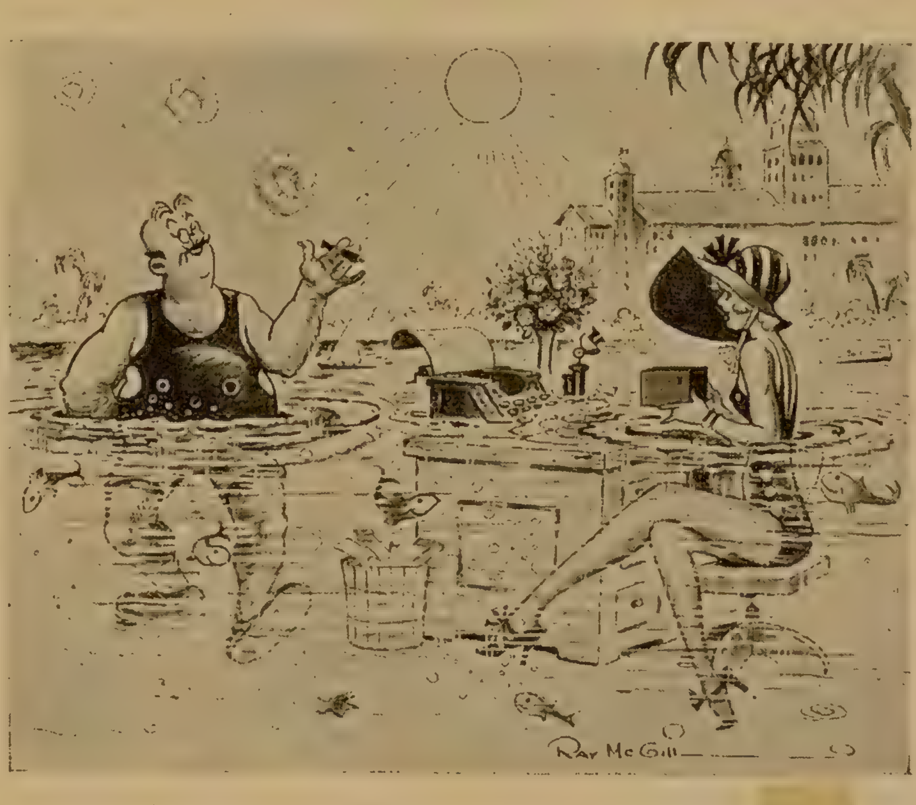
### CURSE OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

DUBUQUE, IA.—Pooh-pooh it as you please, I am convinced that there is something more than meets the eye in this Tut-ankh-Amen curse. If not, what is the explanation of twenty-two deaths in eleven years of those who laughed at the warning in the Egyptian pharaoh's tomb that the violators of it would die?

Dr. James H. Breasted is the latest of the victims that began with Lord Carnarvon, who was bitten by a noxious insect. Conan Doyle affirmed that "killer spirits" were at work. It will be recalled that Lord Carnarvon's wife, brother, father (by suicide), and secretary followed him to the grave all too swiftly for "natural" explanation.

Now Dr. Breasted, who always cried "Bosh!" and "Tommyrot!" to any mention of the curse, is dead. And they called it malaria. But I am not satisfied with smug medical pronouncements, and I'd like to know what others think about the whole mysterious and terrifying tragedy.

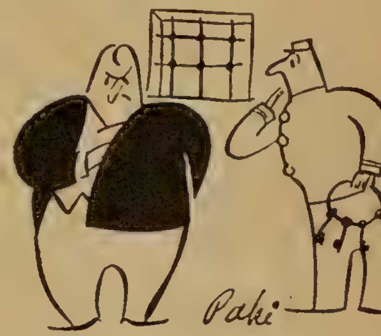
As for me, I wouldn't go into that tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen's for a million dollars, cash in hand!—*Lida Melody.*



"Take a picture, Miss Jones. I want to make the boys up North jealous."

### OLD READER REBELS

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Is Arthur W. Thiel (November 30 Vox Pop) an inmate of a state institution or was his guff just a gag? In three paragraphs he skims from Italy and the Pope to Germany and Christ, with a diagnosis of all four which would indicate he owns a solid mass of petrified membranes which he passes off for a brain.



I have read Liberty since the initial contest for the title of the magazine—read it in Far Rockaway, Long Island; in a ranch house on Lateral 15 Buckeye Road in Phoenix, Arizona; sweated over its pages in Sonora, Mexico, and a few other fairer points in the compass. I've read a number of foolish statements which emphasized an ignorant shallow-witted writer whose sole boast was a dulled mentality. I've never made a peep. But for Liberty to print the ravings of a diseased mind and childish prattle of Herr Thiel causes me to vote that he receive the grand booby prize of the year; and also a consolation booby prize to the Vox Pop editor for printing it.—*J. W. S.*

### DATES FOR LOUIE

CHICAGO, ILL.—In answer to Louie Ray in November 2 Vox Pop about the date of Liberty, there is no need of the cover being torn off; but if that does happen, you can always find the date line at the top of the editorial page in the front part of the book. Evidently you are not as observing as you should be, Louie Ray!—*Little Eddy.*

# Movie Highlights of 1935

Victor McLaglen in The Informer

Paul Muni in Black Fury

Elisabeth Bergner in Escape Me Never

Franchot Tone in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer

Freddie Bartholomew in David Copperfield

IN attempting to pick the ten best performances and the ten best pictures of 1935, one film and one performance keep returning to my mind. Above all the many other truly fine productions of the past year this one stands supreme.

The picture is The Informer and the performance is Victor McLaglen's in it. No other film has quite the classic purity, both in conception and technique, of this acidly honest study. No other film told its story with such objective beauty or could match The Informer in the artful way it combined music, camera, script, and settings to give the richness of comedy, horror, and suspense that overlapped each other in this picture.

With sound now in its sixth year, the studios are getting away from photographed plays. Stories are now being told in action rather than explained by dialogue.

The outstanding pictures of 1935 were not copies of stage plays, and their treatment proves that the studios are realizing that the films must find their own methods for their own effects. These methods have little to do with those of the stage. This, I believe, has been the greatest forward stride of the year.

The most noteworthy failure of 1935 was the gaudy Becky Sharp. Though, due to story weakness, the film was doomed from its inception, Becky Sharp's outstanding fault was the misappliance of its most advertised ingredient—color. Becky Sharp didn't use color; color used it. Color films are inevitable and, technically, the studios are prepared to make them. But before these will be acceptable the colors, as with sound, must be made into a complementing rather than dominating element.

Another interesting novelty, and one of the best shorts of the year, was RKO's Metropolitan Nocturne, which used musical instruments to convey the actors' speech and mood.

Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, the writers turned producers, continued their experiments in defying supposedly inflexible box-office rules in story and characterization. Their second venture, The Scoundrel, was easily among the most interesting pictures of the year.

Here, to our notion, are the ten best performances of the year. They are not listed in the order of their merit, for they all, within their scope, are well-nigh perfect. A great performance means that good writing has gone into the characterization. It means, too, that the story is sound. To give an outstanding portrayal, the actor must have capable players to assist him, to keep the scene balanced. Sometimes distinctive performances are brought out almost entirely by the director. So to all the uncredited assistants who have set the stage for these unforgettable performances also go our thanks and praise.

*Paul Muni in Black Fury.* A compelling, touching, and ironic portrayal of a dumb but likable miner.

*Katharine Hepburn in Alice Adams.* The faunlike Miss Hepburn as the epitome of all the wallflowers in the world. A beautiful blend of comedy and pathos.

*Elisabeth Bergner in Escape Me Never.* The sly and sometimes too cute Miss Bergner is given every type of scene in this picture. And she handles them all with such finesse that this must be rated the greatest display of sheer virtuosity of the year.

*Franchot Tone in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* No favorite of ours, Mr. Tone knows how to hide his own heroic actions and yet remain both heroic and romantic. Done with uncommon economy of expression and with pleasant ease.

*Freddie Bartholomew in David Copperfield.* The clipped treble of his English schoolboy's voice, his abundant charm, and his manly poise make this lad the find of the year. His performance was so fitting that a picture full of stars sagged without his appearance.

# TEN BEST PERFORMANCES, TEN BEST PICTURES — AS ONE OBSERVER SEES THEM

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

*Charles Laughton in Ruggles of Red Gap.* The always interesting Mr. Laughton takes the comic Leon Wilson character and makes something universal and important out of him. His Gettysburg Address alone would make this outstanding.

*Claudette Colbert in Imitation of Life.* The shrewd and shapely Miss Colbert continues her long string of fine performances by showing that mother love need not be maudlin to be effective. She's almost as good in Private Worlds.

*Pat O'Brien in Oil for the Lamps of China.* A sadly underrated actor, Pat O'Brien gives a quiet and highly effective portrayal of a worker who gives everything to his company.

*Fred Astaire in Roberta.* The nimble Mr. Astaire has ambitions no higher than that of entertaining. He accomplishes his end with such winning grace that this must be listed in the first ten.

*Victor McLaglen in The Informer.* Hitherto a ham, Victor McLaglen makes this last wild night in the life of a traitor so engrossing that it must be named the best performance of 1935. The best performance of almost any year, for that matter.

Interrelated and interdependent as they are, the best performances of the year are more than likely to appear in the best pictures of the year. This is our choice for the ten outstanding movies of 1935:

*Black Fury.* Though the radicals complain that it slights the most vital elements in its dark background and the capitalists wish the subject had never been brought up, Black Fury remains an exciting, timely, courageous offering. Brutal, ugly, compelling, it is undoubtedly a worth-while social document and, equally important, a thoroughly rousing melodrama.

*Alice Adams.* Beautifully written and directed. Assiduously avoiding the maudlin, the film is full of bitter laughs as it tells of a small-town girl's struggles against class barriers. The dinner and party sequences alone make this a minor classic of American home life. Frank Albertson, Ann Shoemaker, and Fred Stone in brilliant support.

*Roberta.* The best " show " of the year. The dazzling Fred Astaire, his lovely partner Ginger Rogers, and a couple of new comedians, Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes, all help to make this pure entertainment. Gorgeous tunes, smart setting, and the best dancing ever photographed. All merged with a keen feeling for beauty and comedy.

*The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* The outdoor sensation of the year. Frankly a " thrill," a ripsnorting bang-bang action film colored with romance and superb photography. Messrs. Tone, Cooper, and Cromwell as the adventurous warriors in frontier India. Memorable especially for its torture sequence and the twisted poignancy of its climax.

*Private Worlds.* It takes daring to make a commercial picture laid in an insane asylum. Astute producer Walter Wanger had not only the daring but the intelligence to fashion this into a deeply probing and dramatic study that cut beyond the surface of its people. Lynn Starling's script a masterpiece. The performances of lush Latin Charles Boyer and blond Nordic Joel McCrea smartly contrived. The always competent Claudette Colbert excellent as usual.

*Escape Me Never.* A lovely showcase of the wide talents of Elisabeth Bergner. Margaret Kennedy's slightly mad and charming people going their tortuous way in a background of haunting beauty.

*David Copperfield.* A rich, lively, and tender version of the Dickens classic. Handsomely mounted, splendidly played throughout, and treated with both respect and enthusiasm. Too many truly fine performances to list here. Settings, costuming, and direction all delightfully Dickensy.

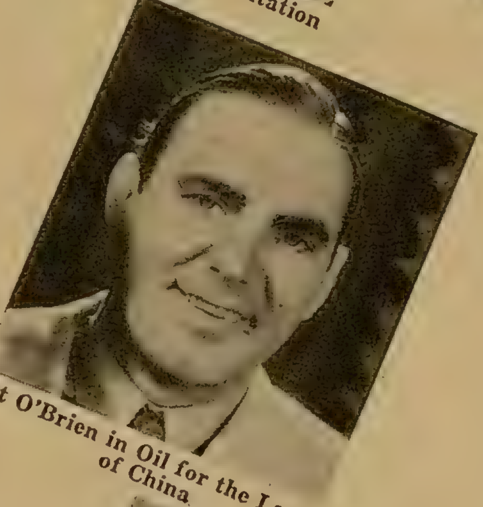
*Ruggles of Red Gap.* A gently pathetic story of a butler, bred of generations of servants, who comes to the estate of free man. Often burlesqued, Laughton manages to invest his role with a wistful nobility that is more patriotically forceful than ten years of movie flag waving. A robust little affair spiced with grand roughhouse comedy and told with engaging warmth.

*Imitation of Life.* Miss Colbert again. This time in Fanny Hurst's verdant history of two women—one white, one black—who climb to financial success together and very nearly lose the love of their daughters doing it. Commendable in the way it faced the problem of cultured Negroes, Imitation of Life is best remembered for the cruelly funny funeral scene. Seldom has any movie sequence so crowded laughs and tears. Fredi Washington and Louise Beavers, the colored mother and daughter, in the most honest relationship yet dared by Hollywood.

*The Informer.* One of the great pictures of all time. Uncompromising and tinged with a murky beauty, the

Charles Laughton in Ruggles of Red Gap.

Claudette Colbert in Imitation of Life



Pat O'Brien in Oil for the Lamps of China

Fred Astaire in Roberta

Katharine Hepburn in Alice Adams

Liam O'Flaherty tale is given inspired screen translation by the adapters and director John Ford.

The year 1935 saw Charles Boyer—in Private Worlds, Break of Hearts, and Shanghai—establish himself as the best of the leading men. This year should make him a star. The most sensational debut of the year was Nelson Eddy's in Naughty Marietta. Possessor of a grand voice, good looks, and an easy personality, Mr. Eddy is certain to go far. Another promising musical newcomer is Nino Martini, who warbled his melodic way through Here's to Romance.

The enthusiastic revival of tunefilms has disclosed a young lady who is probably the best rhythm dancer since Fred Astaire's sister, Adele, left the stage. She is Eleanor Powell, of Broadway Melody of 1936.

Of the new romantic threats, affable Fred MacMurray and collegiately handsome Robert Taylor seem headed for the heights.

The bouncing Miss Temple continues to lead the parade of baby stars. The hoydenish Miss Withers may be forced into "nice" child roles. We hope not, for Jane's popularity was attained by her brattish ways.

It remained to France, with La Maternelle, to give the most realistic picture of the prepuberty age. La Maternelle is a gentle though violently terminated little story about a love-hungry orphan who tries to commit suicide when the head of her school becomes engaged. In this film the children are not consciously cute, nor do they know camera tricks. They are real children such as you might see in any slums.

The best cartoons of the year were turned out by Walter Disney and his goofy staff, nothing quite matching the lilting inanities of Silly Symphonies and the antics of Mickey Mouse, who in 1935 got himself all dressed up in color.

The best musical scores of the year were arranged by Alfred Newman for Sam Goldwyn pictures. All of Mr. Newman's scores were unobtrusive, fitting, and a definite aid in establishing the mood of the scene.

And writing of scenes, there is one that stands supreme in 1935. It is from Private Worlds: the bit wherein Joan Bennett, playing Joel McCrea's wife, feels that she has lost that which she had lived for. Pregnant, deserted, her mind begins to slip away from sanity to the peace of childish escape. About her girlish voices sing, "Sally, Sally, Sally!"

Few who saw this bit will ever forget it. For it's the most eerily dramatic thing ever recorded by the camera.

## THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS

**4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent 2 stars—Good**
**1 star — Poor 0 star — Very Poor**

### ★★★ A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Henry B. Walthall, Donald Woods, Walter Catlett, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Claude Gillingwater, Billy Bevan, Lucille LaVerne, Isabel Jewell, and others. Directed by Jack Conway. Story by Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS'S venture into historic romance has been so lavishly endowed with all the resources of the opulent M-G-M studio that it's an offering not to be easily ignored. Not that you would want to ignore A Tale of Two Cities, which, under Jack Conway's direction, attains color and a lusty unrestrained vigor and manages to confine the full sweep of the wandering story into a surprisingly lucid panel.

Suffering the occasional lapses that any picture would which tries to show and tell all that A Tale of Two Cities does, the screen play by Lipscomb and Behrman is strikingly enacted by a star-studded cast. Headed by Ronald Colman, superb as the drunken lawyer who finds his only success in death, the performers combine to give an effective group portrait, and individually they are alive and sharply etched. Elizabeth Allan, whose frail prettiness is particularly suited to the Dickens type heroine, is certainly one of the few actresses to make swooning seem not only real but fitting.

With Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Blanche Yurka, Donald Woods, Reginald Owen, and especially Isabel Jewell standing out in smaller roles, the film, admirably faithful to the book, centers on the futile career of Charles Darnay (Ronald Colman). It follows the brilliant lawyer from the day he falls in love until the morning he accepts the guillotine's blade so that his loved one may live happily with her husband.

A Tale of Two Cities is a sometimes beautiful, sometimes stirring, and an always generous display of acting, settings, and action.

### ★★½ THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

THE PLAYERS: Frank Morgan, Cicely Courtneidge, Heather Angel, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Richard Waring, Henry Stephenson, Forrester Harvey, Mary Forbes, Doris Lloyd. Directed by Tim Whelan. Story by Cosmo Hamilton.

INTRODUCING Cicely Courtneidge, London's music-hall favorite, The Perfect Gentleman is a farfetched character sketch of an amateur and well meaning stooge. Engagingly played by the blundering Frank Morgan, the stooge in this instance is a garrulous ex-officer who dashes upon the stage to befriend a performer whom the unruly audience has just greeted with catcalls and that unprintable though eloquent noise called the bird.

His defense of the harassed singer is so comic and stirring that the impromptu act becomes a hit, and Morgan signs up with Miss Courtneidge. Together they become a vaudeville sensation. The thing that keeps the team from being completely happy in its new-found success is that Morgan's son is a vicar. The wildness of Morgan's carefree ways so angers the bishop that the son finds his holy career blocked. Then the stooge, as noble as he is silly, vanishes.

From there on The Perfect Gentleman wends its way to a happy solution for all the characters. Done with much charm, and occasionally touching for all its foolishness, the tidy little film is a pleasant time passer.

### ★★ KIND LADY

THE PLAYERS: Aline MacMahon, Basil Rathbone, Mary Carlisle, Frank Albertson, Dudley Digges, Doris Lloyd, Nola Luxford, Murray Kinnell, Eily Malyon, Justine Chase, Barbara Shields, Donald Meek, Frank Reicher. Directed by George B. Seitz. Story by Hugh Walpole.

AN aged London recluse having practically no contact with the outside world, Miss MacMahon allows a thief, suavely played by Basil Rathbone, to worm his way inside her home. Once in, Rathbone refuses to get out, and on top of that he smoothly engineers the entrance of his confederates. Virtually a prisoner in her own home, Miss MacMahon doesn't grin but has to bear it.

Placidly recounted, the story goes on to show, with what is intended to be dark suspense, how the woman tries to get in touch with outsiders.

Frank Albertson, brightest of the screen's juveniles, supplies the key to his aunt's escape, and, in a few brief scenes with dollish Mary Carlisle, gives Kind Lady its slight romantic aspect.

### FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns, Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas.

# TO THE *Ladies!*

### by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

EVERY year Mrs. Adams starts keeping a diary on New Year's Day. Every year Mr. Adams gets hold of her diary by stealth, flips the pages to some date about the middle of the year, writes, "When you reach this I pay you five dollars cash money."

"I've been doing it for years," he says, "and she hasn't claimed a dollar on it yet."

This Mr. Adams is Franklin P. Adams, author and columnist, nationally known as F. P. A. He's a diary specialist, having kept one himself in public print for more than twenty years. Calls it The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys, echoing that immortal diarist of the seventeenth century.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Mr. Adams says diary keeping is useful to us chiefly as an aid to memory. Most of us let our diaries go after a few weeks because we make too great a task of them. Just put down enough each night to remind you, later on, what you did that day.

His own diaries are rich with intimate notes—what time he got up in the morning, what he had for breakfast, how his work went, names of people with whom he lunched or dined, scraps of conversation, the sayings of his children, Anthony, Timothy, Persephone, and Jonathan.

Such a diary will be worth its weight in diamonds to you in the years to come.

● They called her Miss Vindictive. She seems to have deserved that nickname.

A hundred years ago her papa commanded the man-o'-war Vindictive, flagship of England's navy; but it was his daughter, Miss Cassy Austen, who really ruled the waves. Officers who met her fancy gained promotion if they took pains to please her. If they didn't, they had a tough time. With her own hands she dragged sleepy sailors out of their bunks, controlled their food and liquor supplies, stipulated their rewards and punishments. She walked the deck clad in a smart riding habit, ordering the whole British fleet around.

What a gal for the movies! What a gal for *anything!*

All this is historically true. It has just come to light in England through the publication of a book of family diaries. Read it and weep for those good old Victorian days when women were women.

● A bride writes to me from Columbus, Ohio. She says her young husband

> . . . is continually juggling domestic articles such as knives, milk bottles, plates, pans, etc.; . . . has no particular aptitude, just a chronic form of nervousness after office hours. . . . At a dinner party he was called on to make a speech, became agitated, began juggling an uncorked wine bottle, spattered wine all over the chairman's best tux, dropped bottle, broke a $3.49 wineglass . . .

The bride asks me what she ought to do about her husband's juggling complex. Rig him up a juggling den at home, I suggest. Lock him in there and let him juggle.

● Place-card Tip for Hostesses: In center, as usual, print name of guest for whom card is intended. Then in lower right-hand corner clearly print the word OVER. On reverse side print full name of guest seated at cardholder's right, and name of guest at cardholder's left. Also a word or two concerning their occupations. This will help get your table talk started.

● Busy (or lazy) housewives who like to do their shopping by telephone were interested in a recent news item from Paris. Sent by William Bird, New York Sun correspondent, it told about a new service being conducted by the Paris phone company. You dial S.V.P.—French abbreviation for If You Please. A special operator answers. Ask her anything you want to know—how to make mayonnaise, or how to get tomato-soup stains off a green-velvet dress. She gives you the information. The Paris phone people will do your shopping for you too, and they'll run errands. I suppose it won't be long before we have the same thing going on over here.

Then certain critics of modern housewifery will be sure to voice another plaintive squawk. Already they're saying we do too much of our women's work by telephone. They say it increases our household bills and degenerates our knowledge of values.

Are they wrong or right?

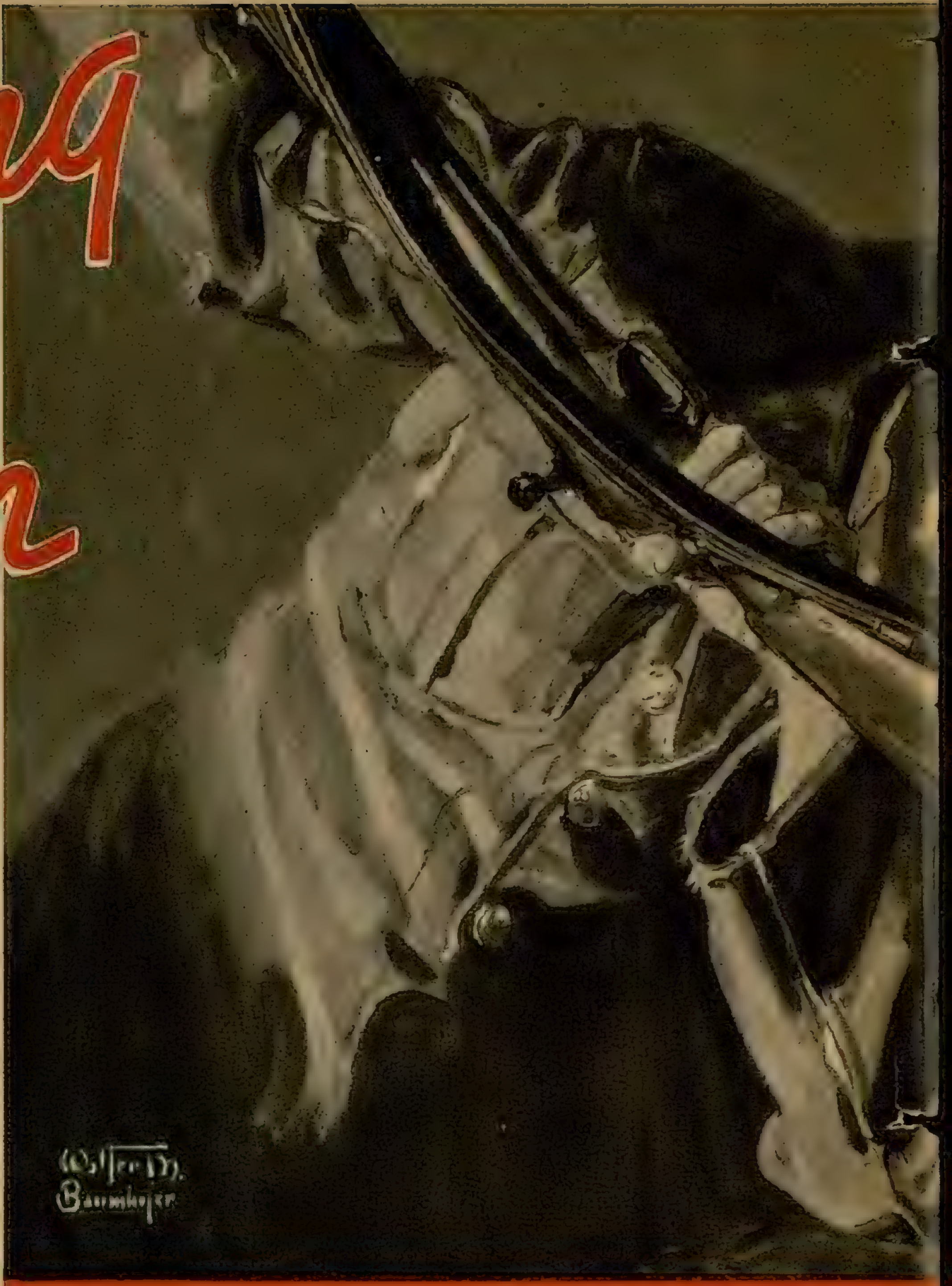
● The soundest, most practical volume of beauty advice I have seen in many a moon is Dorothy Stote's new book, Making the Most of Your Looks. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

● On New Year's Day the bowl of cheer should be filled traditionally with eggnog. Here's how they contrive their famous eggnog down in New Orleans:

Beat the yolks of 8 eggs. Add 8 level tablespoons granulated sugar. Continue beating steadily while slowly stirring in 8 wineglasses (port-wine size) of brandy and 1 of rum. Now fold in the whipped whites of the 8 eggs, ½ pint cream, also whipped, and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Serve in small glasses with spoons. This quantity will be enough for a respectable party of 10.

# Marching Madmen

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! WE SEIZED THEIR

### PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

WE planned to lay the lines for a getaway when the aged liquor peddler should return. He came in less than an hour, lugging a big stone bottle of arrack in a wicker case. It wasn't as large as he had indicated, but it must have held between two and three gallons.

"Where did you find it?" queried Steve.

"I make him," grinned the Arab. "Good, eh?"

"Damned good! Say! How long do we stay here?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe one day, maybe two—three days."

"And after that?"

"Other prisoners go Mosul. You go Mosul maybe."

"You come back tonight?"

"You got more dollars in other shoe?" grinned the old man.

"Come tomorrow and see!"

Our benefactor disappeared. We—with considerable help from those around us—set to work on the stone jar. In a little while we were the happiest prisoners in the whole of Mesopotamia!

We sang, danced, fought each other, wrestled, rolled about the floor, scattering frightened women and children, and generally playing the fool. Once the guards strode in and attempted to quiet us, but we proved too many for them. They retired, cursing the English, convinced that the long marches had driven us mad.

We kept it up for hours. One soldier boy picked up, with surprising strength, a woman as big as himself, and began to dance around with her, yelling above her screams a popular song of the day.

Soon the carousing was general. We must have presented an amazing scene in that former church. We staggered and stumbled around in semidarkness, for the only light was from a few tiny oil trays.

It went on far into the night. Finally I dropped exhausted and slept the sleep of the paralytic drunk.

Many of us had to be clubbed into wakefulness next morning. We were on the move again. We limped through the streets to the railroad tracks, where we were packed aboard trucks.

We needed no one to tell us where we were going—Mosul, of course. Where else could it be? Johnny was making sure of his prisoners.

"If we hadn't indulged in that damned arrack, we might have done something about getting away," I said.

"Yeah. Sure, Tiger. There always seems to be an 'if' about our escapes. One time it's women. Then it's booze. Ain't those two things the ruination of man?"

Five hundred of our forces were left in Bagdad, too sick to be moved. I slept most of the way to Samarra, a matter of seventy miles or so. Our new mode of travel had it all over trekking. All I can remember of Samarra is a great spiral tower rearing up into the sky, said to have been built by Alexander the Great as a watchtower.

That tower marked the beginning of as terrible a desert trek as any man could experience. Here the railroad came to a dead stop. We had to get out and walk.

Mosul stands on the right bank of the Tigris and about two hundred miles from Bagdad—a road of horrible memory, marked out by the bones of British lads.

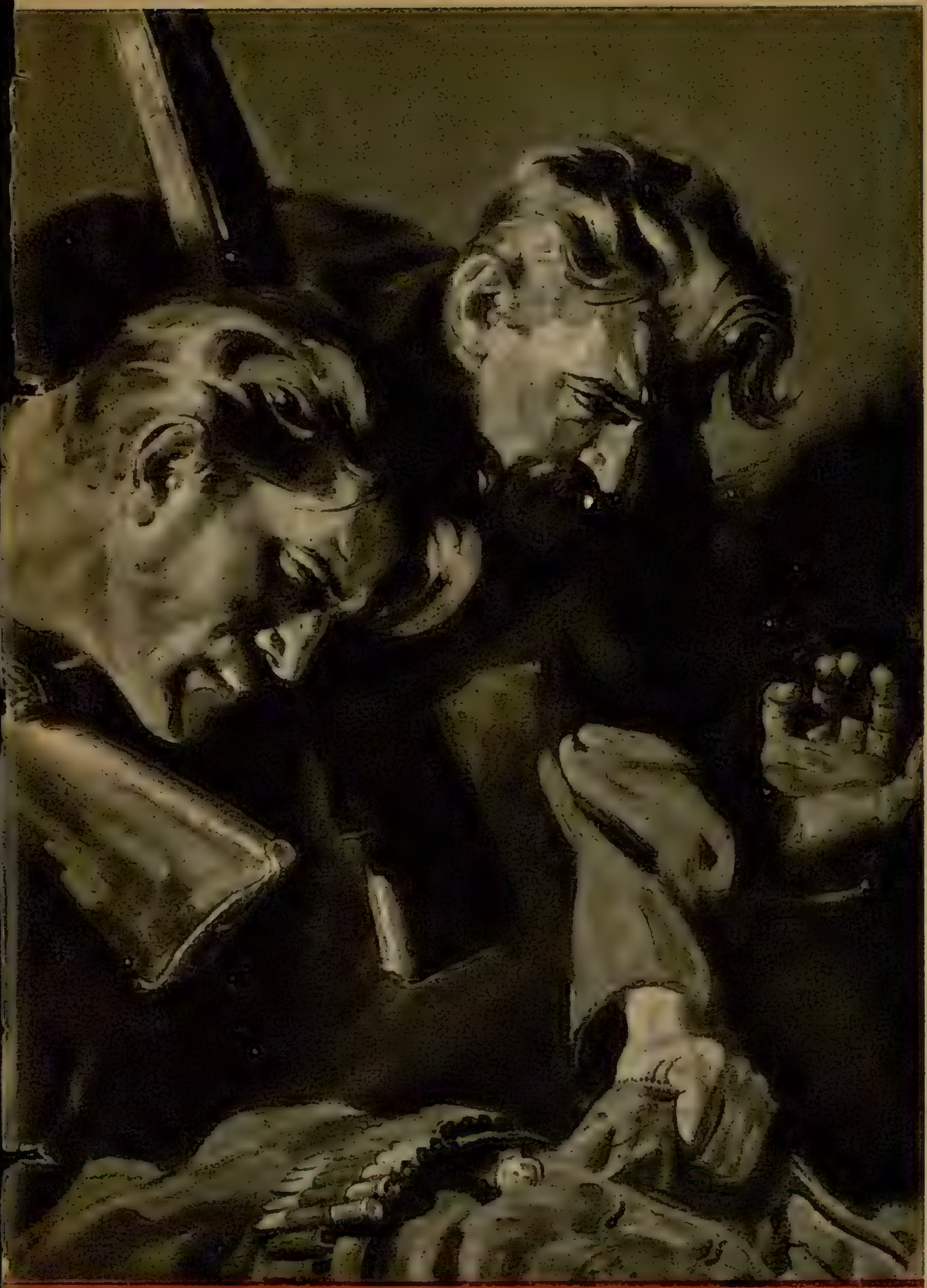
The details were those of a nightmare; it is better to slur them. Our condition was such during the last few miles that we could pass indifferently the brown women already at their fiendish work. It was enough for the remainder of us to keep on our feet at all by that time. We were men without hope—the dregs of madmen beaten into robots.

The worst of it was that when we dragged our weary remnants into Mosul we learned we were not to stay there!

We started on another two hundred miles or so across desert and pebbly track to Ras el Ain.

That trek is a blurred memory, a distortion of days and nights—of an aching body, an alien mind, feet like great puddings—every step torture, dragging on and on. I don't know to this day how I kept up.

I would hear Steve Barry saying things to me as from a great distance. And sometimes he carried me bodily—that man of iron constitution and granite will power.



GUNS AND POUNDED THEM INTO INSENSIBILITY.

## A Grim Saga of Desert Bayonets . . . The Inside Story, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition Under General Townshend

by

## W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOPER

We passed through villages of the dead, where hundreds of Armenians and other "Christian dogs" had been slaughtered. We passed by—seeing little—feeling nothing.

"You damned little fool! D'ya *want* to die?" Thus Steve would urge me on.

Of course I wanted to die. What was there to live for in this mad world that reeked of death and decay—where one caught sight of pariah dogs and jackals tearing at the throats of dead men; where village boundaries were marked by the crucified figures of half-naked girls?

I reached Ras el Ain with my nerves in shreds. Malaria had hold of me. I was conscious only of a racking fever, a temperature that threatened to burst my temples.

IT may have gone on for a few days or a few weeks. I lost track of time and events.

I found myself in a shed with scores of others when I began to sit up and take notice—and found Steve ministering to me like an angel.

He had remained behind with me, though in good shape. I never knew how he wangled it. Anyway, there he was, having bathed and refreshed and cleaned himself generally in between whiles of nursing and bathing me and bringing down a maddening temperature.

"How d'ya feel, Tiger?" he asked.

"Fine! Where are we now and what's the news?"

"In Ras el Ain. This is the railhead from Aleppo. We've covered nearly four hundred miles since we left Samarra a month ago. Most of the column has gone on by rail. A bunch of Indians has been kept back here to work on the railroad extension. But no British except the sick. So we'll have a bit of railroad traveling when we get going again. How's that?"

"Sounds fine!"

The rail journey that carried us out of Ras el Ain was a curious one for me. Steve had procured a bottle of arrack before we started and the weirdest collection of fruits, from dates to melons. On this strange diet I dozed and slept most of the way. There were ration biscuits too, which I chewed when half asleep. I actually put on flesh. Army biscuits, if taken regularly, can be quite fattening.

But Aleppo was not for us! We spent several hours on the oustkirts while the freight cars were shunted around. Then off we went again. At that time the railway ended at Islahia. And that was where our riding ended for the time being. We were handed over to a fresh lot of guards—a particularly brutal lot—and marched away to prison camps.

In a few hours we were hot-footing again. As I recall it, it was not a very long journey, but it was damnably hard going over broken country. We forded streams, straggled along hillsides, stumbled over scrub, beat it along a lowering valley where the air was chill and damp.

These guards used their rifle butts unmercifully. Over that broken road we left another trail of dead and dying. We came at long last to another railhead, where railroad construction was proceeding apace. Thus at least we survivors had a glimpse of Kaiser Wilhelm's dream of a railroad from Berlin to Bagdad.

*And then part of the prisoners were put to work on the railway!* Most of the mob chosen were incapable of lifting a sleeper or shoving a line of steel into position. So they were tied up and flogged until their insensible bodies were reduced to bleeding pulp.

Fortunately for Steve and me, the bulk of us were moved on—a short journey by rail to Adana, where the railroad came to a dead stop again!

Then we became mountain goats—treading a bleeding path over the Taurus Mountains. This was the last stage of the great trek to the Turkish prison camp of ill fame at Afiun Karahissar—which means Opium Black Castle, the chief article of trade being opium—in Anatolia.

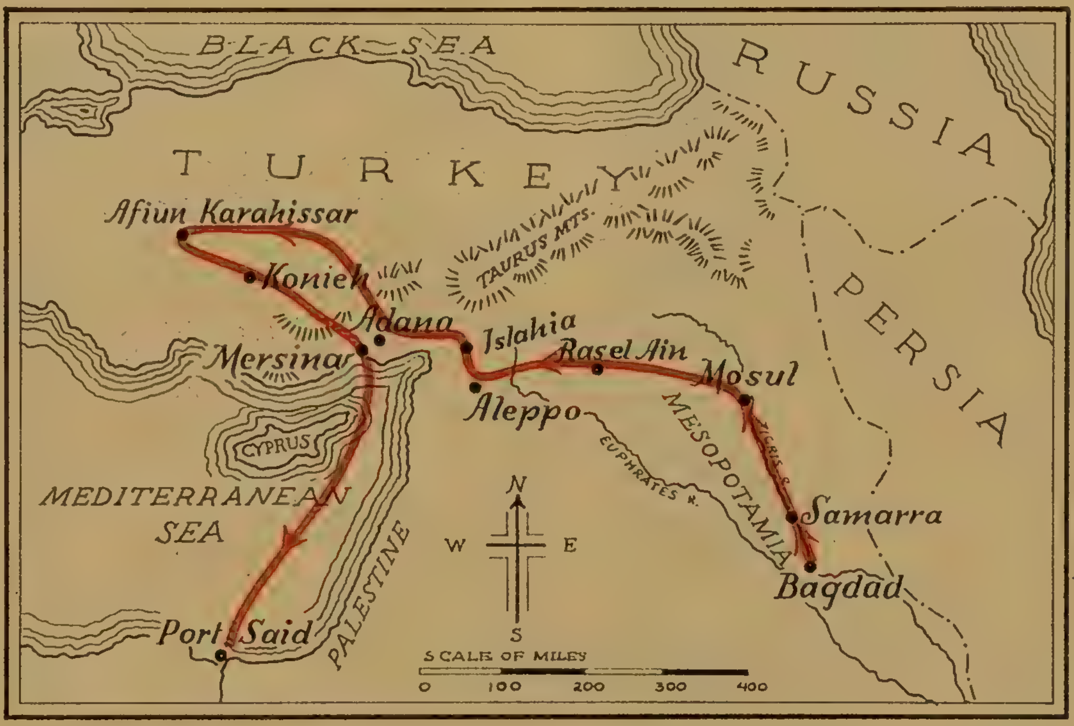
Seven hundred British soldiers died or were killed during that march over the Taurus range. Some of them just lay down and died, especially the Indian units—for they could do nothing else.

Climbing the mountain paths brought grand opportunities for the exercising of Johnny Turk's sense of humor. Weaklings who would insist on straggling behind were eliminated by the simple process of jabbing them and sending them head over heels on to the sharp crags below.

Steve and I had our bellies full of the Turkish brutalities and atrocities that explain why more than seventy per cent of the original ten thousand or so who left Kut as Turkish prisoners of war in May, 1916, are now nothing but calcined bones marking the long and tragic road from Mesopotamia to Anatolia.

We determined, come what might, to escape. The summer was advancing and we knew we must make a getaway soon, since the winter snows of those regions would render it quite impossible. Steve's plan was that we break loose and make our way down to the coast. The trek to Mersina would be a mere trifle compared to what we had gone through. Besides, it would mean freedom!

If only we could make the port, we could then get a neutral ship to Cyprus or even to Port Said. What was to happen afterward we could well leave the future to decide. For the present, our one idea was to get away from our cruel-hearted masters there at Afiun Karahissar.



From Bagdad to Afiun Karahissar: the terrible journey of the "marching madmen" as prisoners, made in man-killing treks and by rail. The red line traces their route. From Afiun Karahissar Steve and Tiger escaped by way of Mersina to Port Said.

"I was a sailor before I was a soldier, Tiger," said Steve. "I guess I can do it again. And so can you! And you can take it from me—good American dollars will get us anywhere!"

Steve must have had a mint hidden about him somewhere! We bought a supply of civilian clothes. Now the days were cooler and the nights perishing cold—and we had not known the severity of a winter climate for more than two years.

We heard other men talking despondently of the uselessness of trying to reach the coast. The region was mountainous—as if we had not already marched over mountains! We should need to make a detour of nearly two hundred miles—as if we had not already hardened ourselves to treks of hundreds of miles! We should meet with bands of brigands—as if any brigands could be worse than our jailers! And what about food?

Neither Steve nor I felt any fear. We'd go as freebooters, living on the country, taking what we could when and how we could.

We had traveled more than fifteen hundred miles since that day, long, long before, when we landed under fire at Fao Fort in the Persian Gulf! Should we worry about a couple of hundred miles that might mean freedom?

And then something happened that changed our plans entirely. Parties of more or less fit prisoners were sent to the railroad to load trucks with guns and munitions for the Mesopotamian front!

This was the final irony! We had to work like galley slaves loading material that was to be used to blow British soldiers to blazes, while grinning guards stood around with whips and guns.

It took Steve and myself about two seconds to see the possibilities in this spot of fatigue.

"Ever ridden the rods, Tiger?"

"You mean ridden under a train? No, but I'm game!"

"Listen! This job may last some time. There's a chance we could get a train going back the way we came. We could travel by the railroad as far as the railhead at Dorak, but, instead of carrying on over the mountains—the way we came—we'd turn south for the coast. That may be a mountainous route too, but it ain't many miles to the coast from the railhead, and we'd make it in a few hours. That part's easy enough. The big job is getting our stuff down here and then getting the train."

"We could bring our stuff here a piece at a time and hide the pieces," I suggested.

"Yeah," agreed Steve. "All to the mustard."

As we worked, he contrived to instruct me, without being observed, regarding the understructure of a railroad car. He showed me the rod to grip with my hands, and how to wrap my legs around the supports and rest my back.

"Some fellows can do hundreds of miles that way. But I doubt if you'd stick long, Tiger. Don't worry about it. As soon as we get clear of this place we'll climb on to a freight car and ride in style. But, remember, there'll be a couple of guards on each car."

"We'll take the places of two of them!" I proposed.

"Say, there's an idea, Tiger!"

And that—for once in this tale of ill luck—was how it worked out. On the third day of our fatigue at the railroad everything was ready. When the men were lined up at dusk for the march back to quarters, Steve and I were missing.

As we had hoped, nobody noticed or bothered. Men often were missing.

We were then lying side by side under a freight car. I don't know how men manage to hold that torturing position for hundreds of miles. By the time that train started, I was just about ready to let go!

My muscles were aching intolerably. Cramp was playing the devil with my legs. I could have yelled with relief when those wheels turned.

Steve was watching me intently. A little later he shouted; "Hang on for a little while longer!"

"Can't!" I yelled back above the rattle of axles and the rumble of wheels.

"All right! Watch me, Tiger. Make every move as I do, or you'll be hamburger!"

Cautiously we worked our way to the end of the car. Luckily the train was still traveling rather slow. I followed and copied Steve's every move with straining eyes and protesting muscles. The sweat began to pour.

"When you get your legs round the buffer, stay put till I can give you a hand!"

I hung on with my hands, my face within a few inches of the underside of the car, my feet groping round the edge of the structure until I felt the smooth surface of the buffer barrel; then I wrapped my legs about it and waited. In the dimness of that strange rumbling world I watched Steve at work.

Steve disappeared round the edge of the car. I gathered he had heaved himself on to the buffer. Presently his voice reached me: "Can you see my hand?"

"Sure!"

"All right. Hang on like hell with your legs! Let go with one hand and grab mine! Good! Now the other hand! Steady! Up you come, old-timer!"

"I'm sitting astride the buffer with my nose bumping into the truck. What do I do next?"

"You learn to keep your balance, you sap! I want to take my hand off your shoulders. Think I can hold you here all night?"

"All right. You can let go!"

I hung on to a bar and decided that the position was as luxurious as an armchair compared to those rods.

The train was gathering speed. It wasn't so comfortable from then on. As the wheels churned faster, I was lifted clean off the buffer and dropped back again—a performance that soon began to tell on the tender portions of one's anatomy.

"How long do we stick this?"

"Hold yourself, Tiger! There's plenty of time! Give those guards a chance and they'll soon be asleep."

I hung on for miles, jogging up and down on an iron horse. If only I'd been a trained cavalryman!

The train was rolling and lurching at an ever-increasing speed, clattering through the black night at a terrific pace. Maybe the engine driver was working for a timed arrival at the railhead.

Certainly he was carrying a lot of important stores and war material, which we had assisted in putting aboard.

Presently Steve hoisted himself to his feet until he was standing on the buffer. He peered over into the car. Steve was all of six feet in height, but he could only just see over the great wall of boarding. I wondered what would happen when I tried to climb over—with my five feet six!

"There's two Johnnies stretched out, nursing rifles. They may be asleep—may not. Anyway, they can't see much in this blackness. Are we going to chance it?"

"Of course! Let's go to it!" I was keen for getting off that buffer.

"All right. Hang on till I get astride the top. Then I'll give you a hand."

I nodded. Steve gripped the top of the board and slowly hoisted himself up. With one leg over the top he reached down and pulled me up after him.

We were both sitting on top of the car—and nothing had happened. It looked as if those two guards were napping. We could dimly see the outline of their recumbent forms—and the glint of their rifles.

After several long minutes we crept forward and dropped on top of them. They didn't have a chance!

Even if they had been awake they could not have heard our movements above the rattle and clatter of the lurching train. We seized their guns and pounded them into insensibility.

After which we set to work removing their coats, ammunition pouches, Mausers, knives, odds and ends of money, cigarettes, and other useful articles. Each had a canvas pouch full of rations for the journey and a water bottle filled not with water but arrack! We were in clover!

It was with enormous satisfaction that we heaved the insensible Johnnies over the side of the car.

Thereafter a feast for the gods! We investigated the canvas pouches. There was bread of a quality we had not tasted in years, succulent goat's meat, olives, radishes, figs, dates, and some sticky sweetmeat. We drank sparingly of the arrack. We should yet need all our wits. Then we lay back and inhaled luxuriously at the cigarettes!

Not for many months had we been able to relax. Now we were free! *Free!* True, we were not yet out of the danger zone, but I had never felt so confident of success in my life. After all we had gone through, every breath we now took was a taste of heaven.

"Guess one of us had better get some shut-eye. Suppose you nap, Tiger, while I keep guard. I'll wake you in a couple of hours."

"Nothing doing, Steve. I couldn't sleep just now if I tried. Never was so wide awake in my life!"

"Nope? Then I'll leave you to keep watch—but if you feel drowsy, kid, wake me up at once. It would be curtains if we both fell asleep."

"All right, Steve."

In two minutes he was snoring.

I sat and listened, staring up at the blue-black canopy of heaven. I have never experienced anything like that strange night. I doubt if I ever shall again. I forgot Steve, forgot everything. I was at home in the green lanes of Surrey, strolling through a night of perfect peace, where there were neither thoughts of war nor sounds of strife—only stability and serenity.

I was going home. I *knew* I was!

It was all so clear to me, just what was ahead. We would reach Port Said, Steve and I. We could report to the military authorities there. They could hardly do other than send us to England. I would show this world-wandering American what it meant to be home. Home!

Gradually I became conscious of the changing of atmosphere about me. The lowering darkness seemed lifting. The dark vault overhead was softening.

There came a faint flush of color. I sat up with a jerk. It seemed I had daydreamed through the night.

My sudden movement woke Steve. He swore.

"The dawn's coming up. You've let me sleep all night, Tiger. You're more screwy than I thought you were! You stretch out and sleep right now. You'll need it."

I slept, and when I awoke the sun was high in the heavens. Steve was crouched down, looking like a pukkah Turkish guard in his "borrowed" coat and cap.

"So far, so good," said Steve. "We ain't stopped any place yet. I've seen no sign of the other guards. Now we've got to keep our eyes skinned. It may be this train is going to run through every station and not stop at all till it gets to the railhead. But I guess that's too good to be true. We'll see!"

"What do we do if it pulls up at a station?"

"Guess I ain't thought that one out. If we do stop, some officer or N. C. O. is going to run along the trucks and see that all's correct."

"Supposing we wait and see whether it stops?"

"You said all that's in my mind, Tiger. I ain't leaving this train while it keeps drawing me away from Afiun

## 'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was never in America. According to his own estimate, Raleigh spent about forty thousand pounds in attempts at colonizing in America. In 1584 he sent over two captains, Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, on an exploration trip. In later years he sent over many settlers, most of whom settled in what is now North Carolina. Raleigh himself, however, never set foot in America.

WHISKY is not a good antidote for snake bite. Except in conditions of near collapse, it is not a good idea to give the victim of a snake bite a stimulant. Whisky, for example, is apt to quicken the circulation and increase distribution of venom in the blood stream.

CHILDREN do not have "growing pains." Pain frequently suffered by growing children is not caused by their growth. It may be due to one or more of many causes, such as rheumatic infection, improper nourishment, muscular fatigue, improper posture, tuberculosis of the joints, etc. Examination by a doctor should never be delayed because of a belief that these are merely "growing pains."

THE BATTLE of Bunker Hill was not fought on Bunker Hill. It was fought on Breed's Hill, connected to Bunker Hill by a ridge.

BLIND people are not deprived of the pleasure of smoking. Many people believe that the blind do not smoke because their inability to see the smoke or glowing tobacco eliminates all pleasure from smoking. However, blind people do enjoy smoking. The matter of companionship, the feel of the smoke in the throat and lungs, following an example set by others—all of these are just as effective reasons for blind people smoking as for persons who can see.

Karahissar! Not me! . . . Say, these Turkey guards don't fraternize much. Nobody's yelled good morning to us yet."

"A mixed unit, I suppose—Germans and Turks. Jerry doesn't seem to like Johnny too much."

"May be something in that. How about your German lingo—if we get in a jam at one of the stations?"

"Good enough for a Turkish officer, I suppose."

"Then why worry?" Steve shrugged.

I thought it over a bit, then spoke again.

"Is it worth the risk—now we've got this far? If we stop for any length of time at a station, they may not recognize us as good comrades."

"I guess you're right, Tiger. If she shows signs of stopping, we'll jump for it."

The train went on hour after hour. We passed villages, one or two military camps, an occasional dump. The country showed no sign of life, being barren and rock-strewn.

It was well past noon when we sighted the distant outline of what appeared to be a large town. We drew nearer; but the train showed no sign of slowing for a halt.

The features of the town took shape, became familiar. I remembered passing this way under guard. It was Konieh!—the most important town on that stretch of the railroad.

We gathered together the Mausers and the water bottles, but the train showed no sign of stopping.

We hung on, suffering agonies of indecision. It became too late to chance a jump.

I stared at Steve. He grinned.

Luck was with us. We had passed the most important station on the line; *now* there was no likelihood of our stopping before we reached the railhead! We knew we had covered more than two thirds of the distance. The day was waning. We calculated we should reach our destination before the dawn of another day. To arrive during the night or early morning would give us excellent cover for our getaway.

Darkness descended and we settled down, taking guard by turns. The next big test would soon be upon us.

WHEN my turn for rest came I could not sleep. I was too on edge. As for Steve, he could snuggle down for his rest and be asleep in a matter of seconds. When he was wakened he was instantly alert! Maybe the sea had done that for him.

It was during the early hours of the morning that the train began to slow down. We did not wait for it to stop. The wink and flash of lights ahead was warning enough. We jumped, lay still while the rest of the train drew past us, then got to our feet and stumbled across the track to the outer darkness.

All that was necessary, for the time being, was to get away from the railhead and all it stood for—away from any sign of human habitation. We staggered on, saying nothing, since our footsteps made noise enough. Every so often we would turn about and check direction by the distant lights that marked the railhead.

We kept moving until the first streak of dawn. Then we sat down and waited for daylight. Soon the whole world was lit up—and what a wilderness! An undulating expanse of gravelly ground and, away in the distance, rolling hills. Not a vestige of life anywhere.

For breakfast we had arrack and cigarettes.

Steve was of opinion that we should make the coast before nightfall if we kept going all day. By noon we had left the wilderness behind and were climbing up hill and down dale in a mad thrust toward the sea.

I cannot recall the number of villages and hamlets we avoided during that long day from dawn until sunset. I know only that Steve insisted on going forward when I would have given anything to lie down and rest.

We emptied the arrack and filled up with water at a stream; picked some sort of turnip root from a field and ate it as we tramped along.

Once we came upon a band of men and women dragging donkeys and goats. They cast curious glances in our direction, but we could see no sign of anything that looked like a gun, so concluded they were harmless enough. We traded our knives for some bread they had.

THEN a long trail through a wooded pass in the mountains—and we came at last to look down upon the little seaport. The sun was beginning to dip over the distant water. I shall never forget that picture as long as I live. There was the Mediterranean!

The Turkish swine would not get us now. We had beaten them!

"Steve!" I cried. "You said you'd do it!"

Try as I would, I couldn't stop my eyes filling with tears. Steve saw—and looked away.

"Sure, old-timer! Now comes the easiest part. I guess I know enough about ships to get me out of any seaport in the world! Come on! Step on it!"

Steve was as good as his word. We got under cover in that little seaport town for a while, and presently emerged in the rig common to tramp-ship fo'c'sle hands.

Steve *was* an American seaman. He required no disguise. For my part, I was content to play follow-the-leader.

We moved about the place freely enough—on my pal's hidden store of good dollars! We fraternized with seamen from every quarter of the globe, made a corner for ourselves in the usual dives—and almost forgot, during two joyous months of freedom, Kut, Ctesiphon Arch, Bagdad, Mosul, Ras el Ain, Aleppo, and Afiun Karahissar!

Finally Steve found us berths aboard a Dutch tramp bound for Port Said—himself as a pukkah fo'c'sle hand and I as an "extra deckman at a shilling a month." Thereafter a quiet and healing trip across the Mediterranean.

I felt like an old sailor by the time we saw the approach to Port Said. The sight of the canal mouth was a glorious one to our weary eyes.

We stepped into the ship's small launch and were chugged ashore, where we sought a café and sat where we could gaze upon the passing throng—the most vociferous, most colorful, most animated crowd in all the world. It was wonderful, this being free men—and sane! Later I arranged transportation to England; Steve reckoned he'd see more of the world first. And so we parted.

I went home—and tried to forget. Tried to forget the utter hell when we had been marching madmen. I couldn't, of course, but such is the payment for the "glories" of being a soldier!

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—The second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.
2—Lethe, Acheron, and Cocytus.
3—As a handicap.
4—It was used to muffle the oars while rowing across the Charles River.
5—Florence Lawrence, who still appears in small bits in pictures.
6—Cincinnati, Ohio, leads other cities in the United States in the manufacture of both products.
7—Because she is the only woman lighthouse keeper in the United States. Regulations prohibit the appointment of any more women.
8—H. T. Webster.
9—"Uncle Joe" Cannon, long the Speaker of the House of Representatives.
10—The wool from two sheep.
11—Champagne and stout; one half of each.
12—Louisiana. January 8 marks the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.
13—Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey was reported to have ended his life by leaping overboard from a Cuba-bound ship.
14—The saxophone.
15—Vice-President.
16—Francis Bacon, seventeenth-century statesman and philosopher.
17—Harvard and Pennsylvania.
18—Welker Cochran.
19—Joe Jefferson.
20—Richard Hauptmann

# CAT'S CLAW

### A COLORFUL FRAGMENT OUT OF THE PAST: THE TRUE STORY OF TWO WOMEN OF THE SOUTHLAND

### by OPIE READ

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

*No, Opie Read isn't dead! He's still very much alive, eighty-three years young!—living in Chicago and drawing upon his treasure fund of memories to write such gems from a golden age as this true story, Cat's Claw. You will remember him, or will at least have heard of him, as having been for decades one of America's favorite authors and humorists, who began as a newspaper man in the late '70s, founded and edited The Arkansas Traveler, and wrote books including A Kentucky Colonel, Old Ebenezer, and "Turkey Egg" Griffin.*

THIS drama was enacted in Memphis during an epidemic of yellow fever.

A house of ill repute, almost palatial, was known as the Cat's Claw. Its mistress, a tall white-haired old woman, was termed The Cat.

"If there be anything that you do not possess," a police judge had said to her, "it is a heart."

He strolled far remote from truth; for when rich people had fled to the mountains, leaving the poor to die of the plague, she turned her house into a refuge for the stricken. And now we newspaper correspondents called her, not The Cat, but—in tenderness—Aunt Mary, her name.

At her house we gathered to discuss and to write the doleful events of the day. Once we came upon an old man staggering on the steps. With a groan he fell. We saw him die, Aunt Mary's arms enfolding him. He had been her husband. . . .

One afternoon there came into the parlor a young woman carrying a fever victim, a little girl. This young woman's dark beauty was more than astonishing. She was tall and of a gracefulness beyond description.

"Give me the child and I'll put her to bed," Aunt Mary spoke, holding forth her arms.

"Don't cry, little creature," said the graceful one.

Aunt Mary placed the little one upon a golden-fringed couch. "My name," the young woman said, "is Jane Duvall."

We all gazed at her; and then an oldish scribbler, rather rudely, I thought, addressed her:

"Yes; but what's your real name?"

She looked at him in reproachful amazement.

"Come now, you understand me," he said; "and you know that the greatest compliment one of you women can bestow upon a chap is to tell him your actual name."

"Sir, your talk is a mystery to me. Oh, you laugh. Proceed with it. It is better to laugh than to brood."

"Yes," said the scribbler; "and it is better to brood than to breed."

She gave him a scornful look and left the room. . . . .

Nellie, the little girl, soon recovered; and as her parents had died, she gave unto Jane Duvall a double love, a worship. Jane went out every day to look for children, fever victims. Day after day she found them and, one at a time, brought them in.

Never ha[illegible] before met so mysterious a huma[illegible] ks life [illegible] ever I questioned her concerning herself she lapsed into what seemed to be a heart-smothering silence. . . .

When frost came, putting an end to the plague, the rich people hastened down out of the mountains; and a number of society women came to the Home of Sympathy, which was now the name of the Cat's Claw, with wreaths of flowers. A few days afterward Aunt Mary passed away, breathing a prayer. At her funeral a crowd assembled in the graveyard. A noted man preached a fervid sermon; and then a tall skinny woman addressed the repentant associates of Aunt Mary:

"I hope Jesus will forgive you erring women, and that you truly repent of a life of corruption. You, handsome creature," she added to Jane, "surely had no excuse to leap from the path of virtue."

"Madam," Jane responded, her eyes turned upward, little Nellie clinging to her skirt, "concerning my association with men, no child in a cradle could be more virtuous than I have ever been. I lived down the Mississippi River, not far from the Gulf. I worshiped a young man, and he vowed that he worshiped me. We were engaged to be married. But his father swore that his son should marry a neighbor girl. 'And if you do not obey me,' he said to his son, 'I will bequeath my plantation not to you but to my nephew.' When my lover told me, there drooped a weakness in his eyes. With my heart in a smother I hastened from him. I had read of the Cat's Claw in Memphis, and in desperation I said to myself, 'I will go there and fling myself into the arms of Satan.' That night I fled from home. But when I arrived in Memphis my heart told me that I could not fling myself away; and so I have devoted myself to the nursing of the stricken. That, madam, *that* is the way I 'strode from the path of virtue.'"

A spontaneous hymn arose. And on looking about, I saw a man coming forward. Jane saw him and, clasping her hands, raised her eyes toward the sky.

"Jane," he said, "you mistook me. When I had left you I told my father to dig up his plantation and fling it into the Gulf—for I was going to marry you."

He sank beside her on his knees. She kn[illegible] him. Their arms entwined. Another hymn aro[illegible] saw them married.

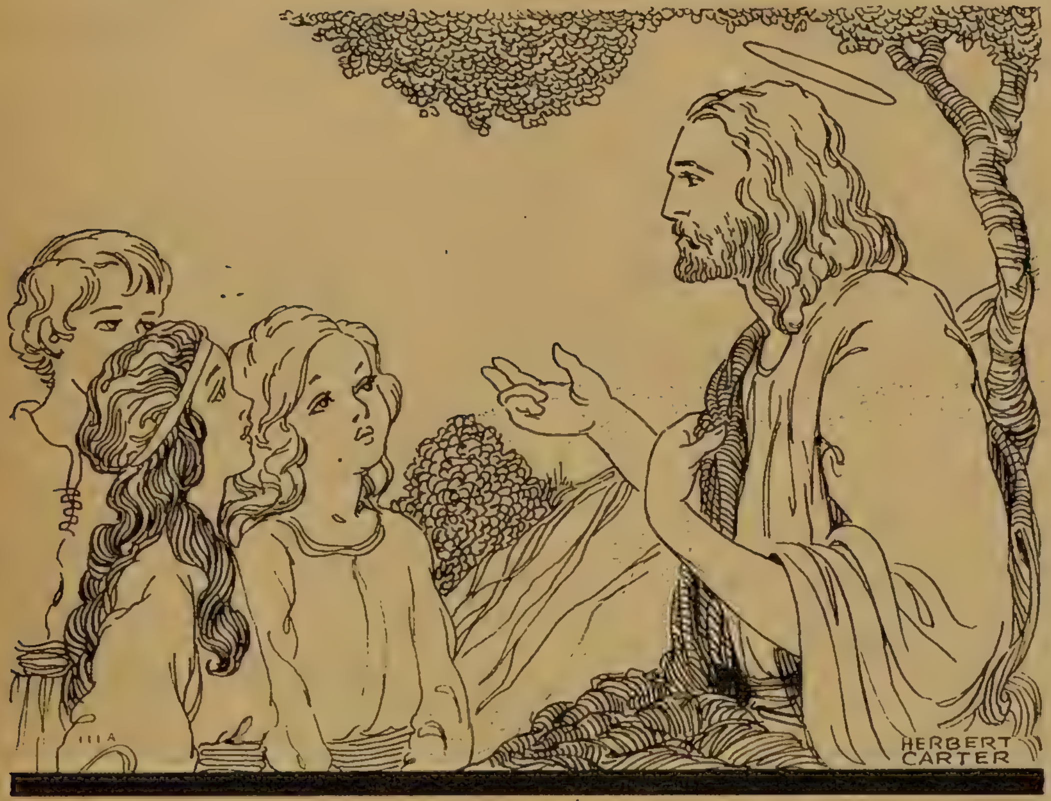
THE END

# LIBERTY'S $2,500 CASH PRIZE

# BIBLE GAME

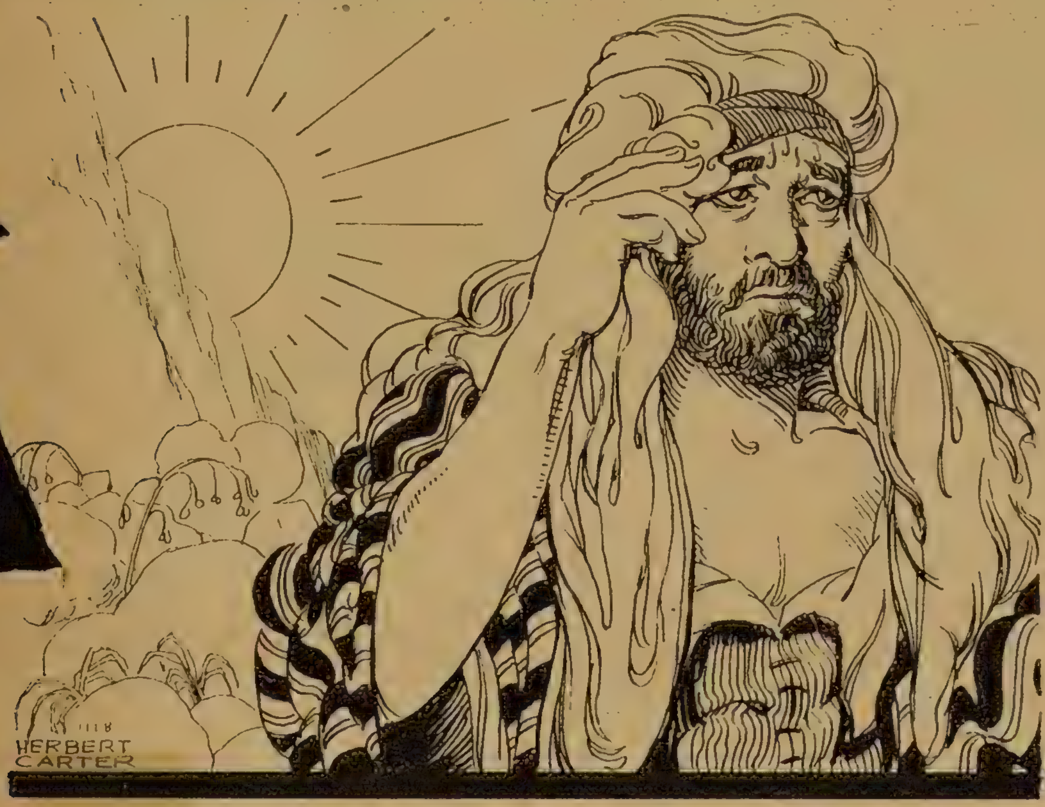
## CLOSES THIS WEEK!

### KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE AND BE SURE THAT IT IS FILED ON TIME



The verse represented by picture No. 15 is:

Verse No. . . . . . . . . . . . . . Chapter No. . . . . . . . . . . . . Book . . . . . . . . . .
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.



The verse represented by picture No. 16 is:

Verse No. . . . . . . . . . . . . . Chapter No. . . . . . . . . . . . . Book . . . . . . . . . .
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.

## THE CASH PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $1,000 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 200 |
| THIRD PRIZE | 100 |
| TEN PRIZES, Each $10 | 100 |
| 170 PRIZES, Each $5 | 850 |

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY DENOMINATION NAMED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER LIBERTY WILL AWARD $250

## THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling "What religion means to me" will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

EWS FOR CROSSWORD F[illegible] $2,000 CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

# IT HAPPENED IN...

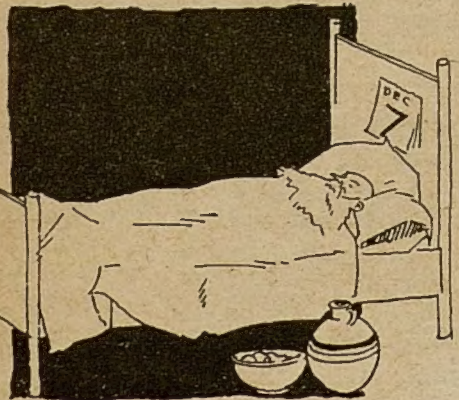
**DENVER, COLO.**--Mrs. Florence Miller, marriage-license clerk, looked at the man in amazement when he asked for a license to wed his present wife. "I want to get a license in each of the forty-eight states and marry her forty-eight times," said the man.

**PHOENIX, ARIZ.**—Julian Johnson inserted an advertisement in the Situations Wanted column of the Phoenix Gazette which read: "Job wanted as President of the United States. Can lift the depression in thirty days." A dream prompted him, he told employees of the newspaper.

**KANSAS CITY, KAN.**— Richard W. Bradford, taken off the county relief rolls a year ago, put on file in district court a suit for $2,600 damages against the relief administrator. Bradford's petition alleges the action of the administrator, forced him "to go about in a dirty condition and seek his own living."

**WATERTOWN, WIS.**—Arthur E. Gehrke has gone to bed for the winter. Gehrke, who is fifty-three years old and who runs a tavern here, isn't sick; he hibernates every winter just like the bears. He's been doing it for twenty years.

"He generally gets up in time for Easter," his wife explained. "He never gets his hair cut and he never shaves. He really looks like a grizzly bear when he comes out. It used to make me kind of mad, but now I don't mind. When he's in bed I'm boss of the tavern."



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### Happy Happenings

Harry Burton, a young laborer in the steel mills, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, fell as he ran to cross a circus parade, and an elephant stepped on his hand. The injury kept him from work for three months and he lost his damage against the circus people. But during his enforced idleness he thought out n improvement in sheet-metal ma- hinery and his royalties have made him a millionaire.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

### NEW DEAL ALMANAC

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

# JAFSIE TELLS ALL!

### by DR. JOHN F. CONDON

YES, I do know more than I have ever told, but now—JAFSIE TELLS ALL! Next week in Liberty, for the first time, Dr. Condon frankly answers Bruno Hauptmann—produces new evidence—and gives his hidden keys to the tragic mystery. Here is the story for which you have been waiting—the complete, full, unabridged revelation by the noted "Jafsie" of every phase of his connection with the shocking case. Don't miss a word of this sensational news scoop. It will open your eyes to things never before published.

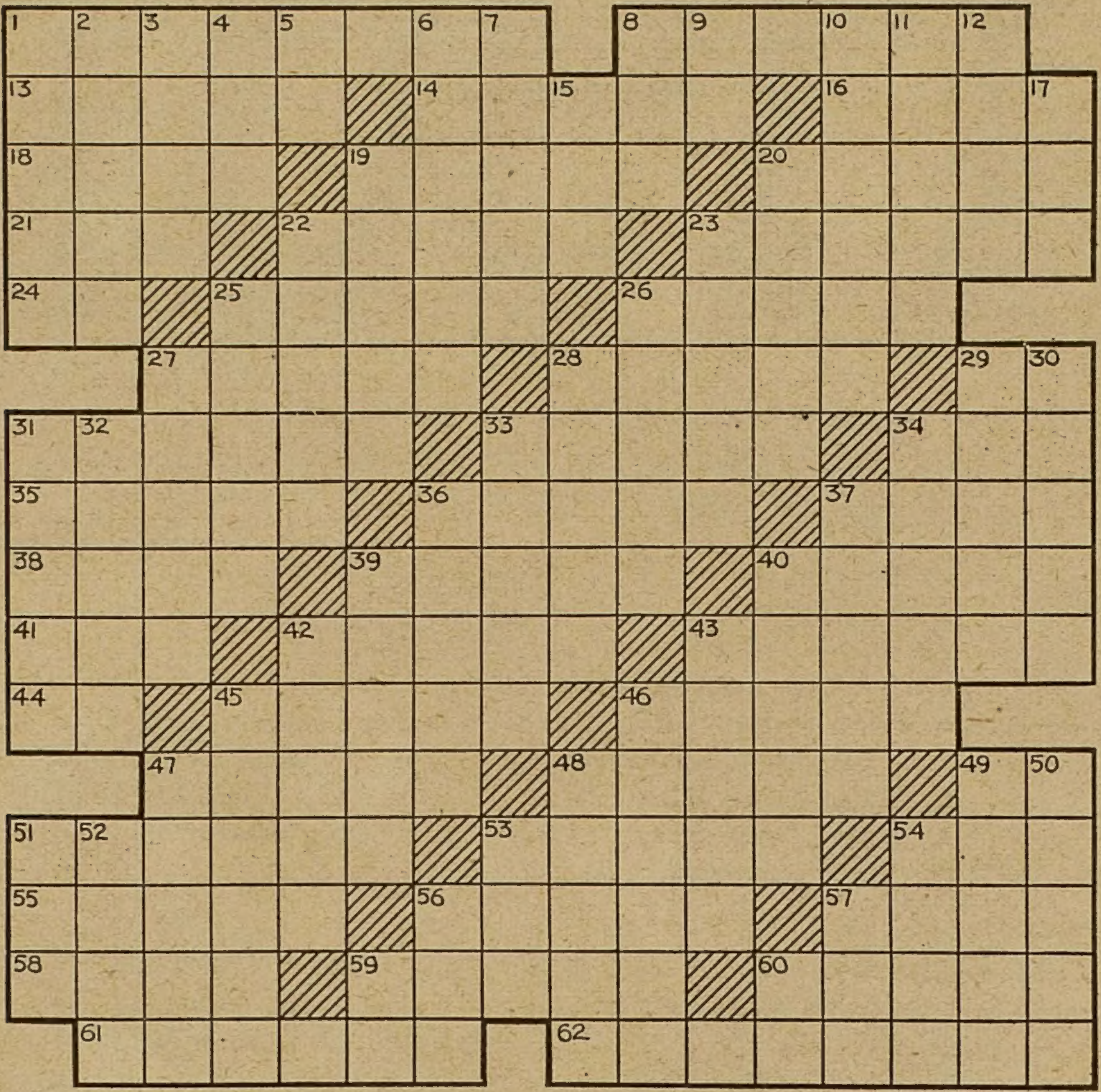
ALSO — THE WIDOW'S WALK by Adela Rogers St. Johns — AMATEUR NIGHTINGALE by Julian Field — WOMEN BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD by Clara Beranger — SHANGHAI STOPOVER by Frederick Nebel — A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON ETIQUETTE by Dorothy Day — SNOWED UNDER by Lawrence Saunders — John Erskine — Beverly Hills — and, of course, VOX POP.

NEXT WEEK IN

**Liberty**

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8

# CROSSWORDS



## HORIZONTAL

1 Bladderlike organ on the heads of some flies
8 Highly colored Sumatran monkey
13 Long narrow piece cut or torn off
14 A localized vector (mathematics)
16 Prong, as of an antler
18 Toward the mouth (zoology)
19 Wading bird
20 The chief gods of the Teutonic pantheon
21 Discharge pus
22 Tall, slender, and tapering
23 A series of bets
24 A form of to be
25 Coated with icing
26 Calumniate
27 River in Yugoslavia
28 Undraped figures (art)
29 Aspiration enjoining silence
31 Rebounds after striking
33 City in Italy
34 Fitting
35 Funeral oration
36 Rating for assessment
37 Violent Adriatic wind
38 Summits
39 Covered with wax
40 Blue-and-white ship's flag
41 Those in office
42 Animal of Asia and South America
43 Raspers
44 Symbol for an element
45 Former Turkish sultan
46 A dinner course
47 A hut (Scotch var.)
48 Wander from proper limits
49 Japanese measure

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| E | N | D | S | | | T | A | X | P | A | Y | E | R | S |

**Answer to last week's puzzle**

51 Manifests disdain
53 Stalk of reed grass
54 Beverage
55 Son of Zeus
56 Rowed
57 Birds of prey
58 Permission to use
59 Beneath
60 Sprang up
61 One of the Canaanite tribe
62 Wandered

## VERTICAL

1 A cutaneous disease
2 Strum
3 Native name of an Asiatic country
4 Played the first card of a trick
5 Hypothetical structural unit (biology)
6 A genus of nettles
7 An Irish poet
8 Siamese measure of length
9 Assimilated form of in
10 A genus of ferns
11 Passageway
12 Genus of dolphinlike mammals
15 Refine or purify, as metals
17 Noun suffix signifying qualities collectively
19 Extends across
20 Town in Württemberg
22 Viscous mud
23 Pertaining to the feet
25 Intoxicating liquors
26 Town in Luzon, Philippine Islands
27 Drips
28 Potassium nitrate
29 More dependable
30 Hearkens to
31 Pertaining to a whale
32 Without a sharer
33 Aphorism
34 Half-rotten, as wood
36 Happening quickly
37 Quit! (nautical)
39 Timber bolted to a row of piles (plural)
40 Of or pertaining to the hair or a hair
42 The years between thirteen and nineteen
43 Practical unit of electrical capacity
45 Became compacted
46 Guides
47 Sweeten
48 A river in Germany
49 Signification
50 Facilitated
51 East Indian tree
52 Malay canoe
53 Downcast
54 Designating a system of weights
56 Pronoun
57 Period
59 Note of Guido's scale
60 Area ten meters square

The answer to this puzz [illegible] 's issue

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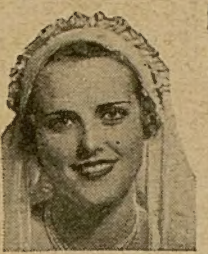

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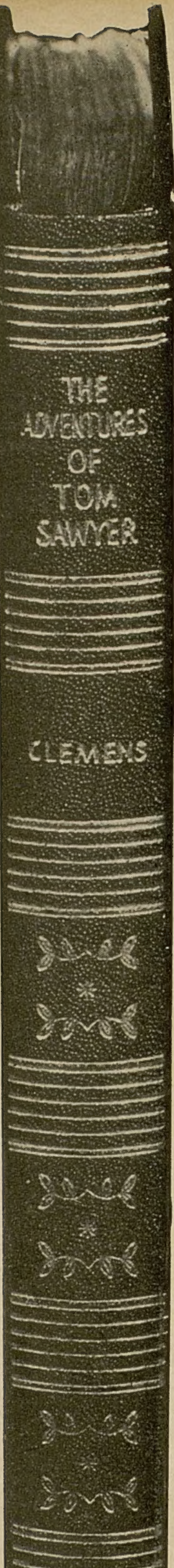

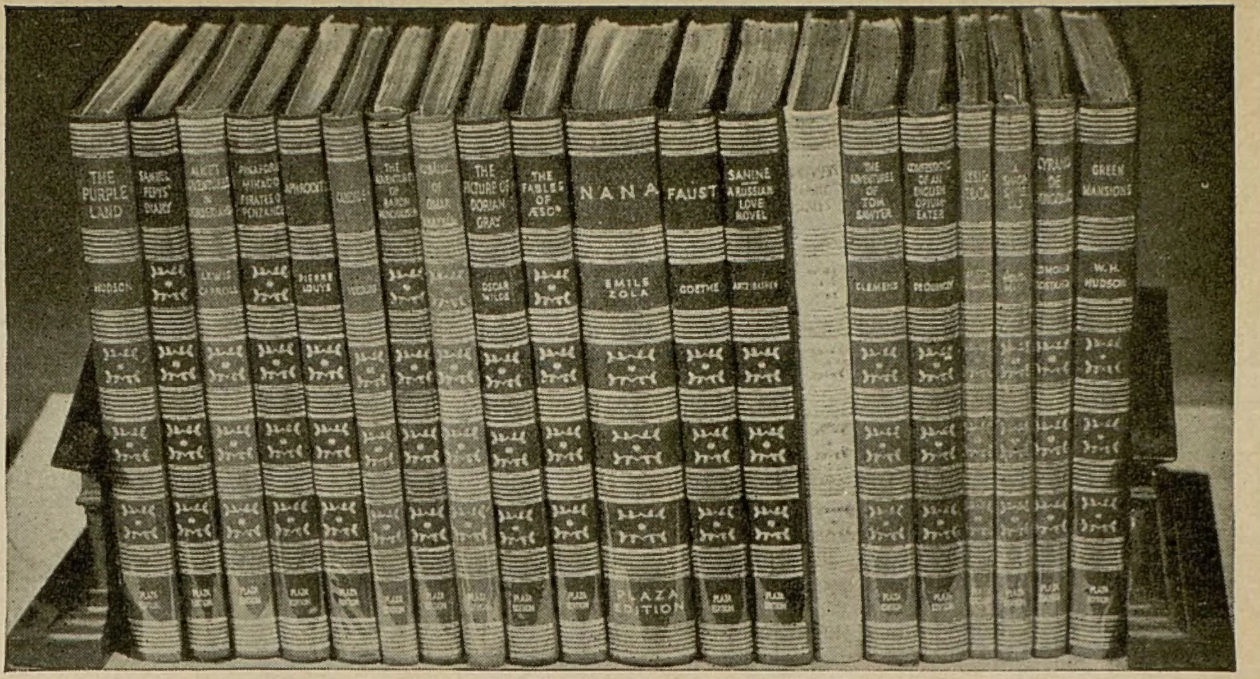

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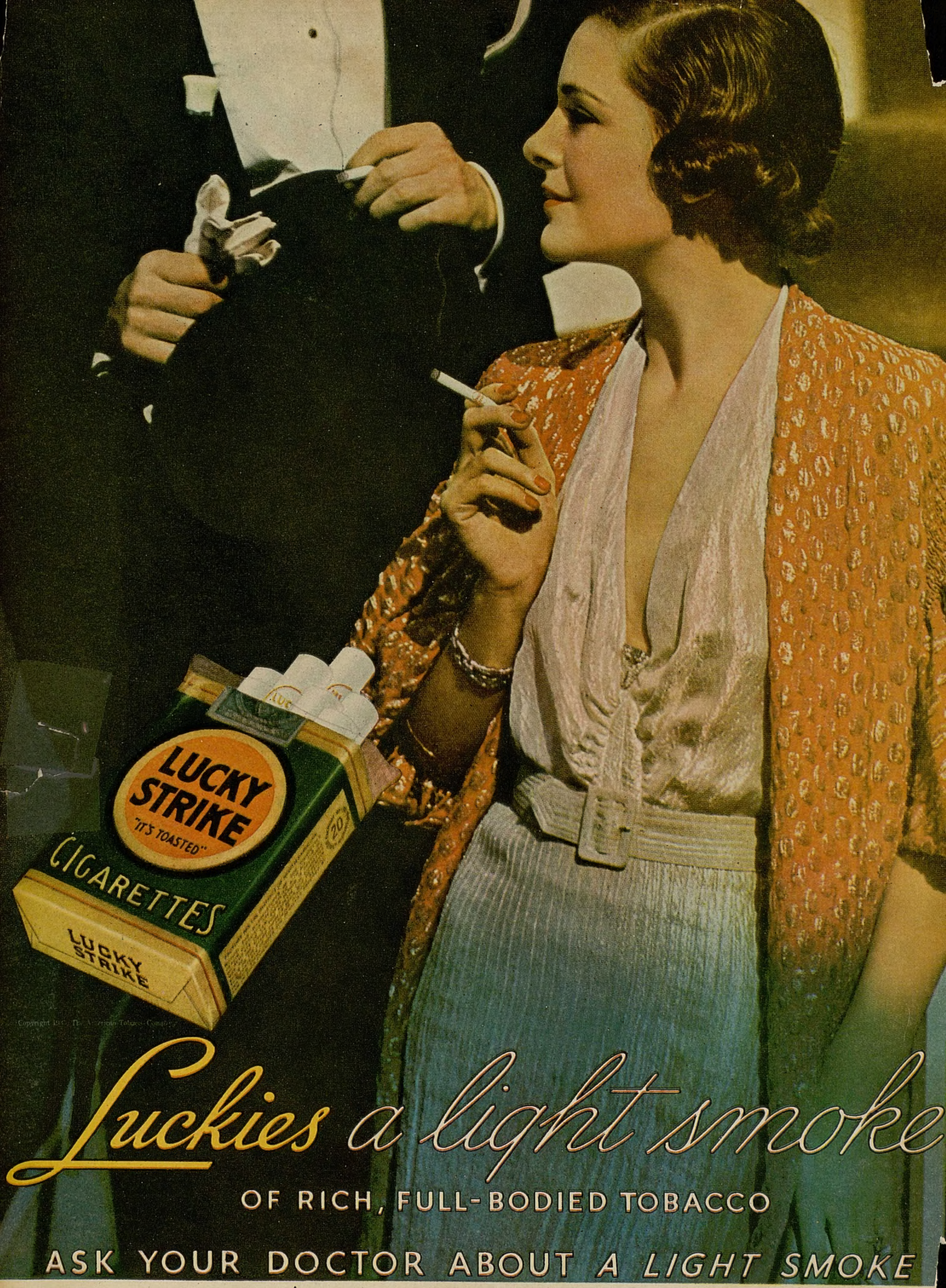
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